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Send all change of address notices, undeliverable copies, subscription orders and other mail to *Editorial and Circulation Offices:* 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D. C.

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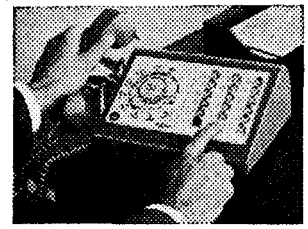

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CONTENTS

Russia and the Versailles Conference — *George Kennan* — 13

Poetry and Criticism: T. S. Eliot — *Stanley Edgar Hyman* — 43

Armorial, *Poem* — *Ralph Gustafson* — 56

The Long Loneliness
Man and the Porpoise: Two Solitary Destinies — *Loren Eiseley* — 57

A Heart Stays South in Winter, *Poem* — *Elizabeth Phillips* — 65

To Emily Dickinson, *Poem* — *Erika Renon* — 66

The Case Becomes Less Strange — *Charles D. Aring* — 67

On the Beat Nature of Beat — *Frank A. Butler* — 79

The Dark Bird, *Poem* — *Richard Frede* — 93

If You Don't Mind My Saying So — *Joseph Wood Krutch* — 94

Reappraisals
Popular Culture and the Romantic Heroine — *Beatrice K. Hofstadter* — 98

The Revolving Bookstand
Some Notes on the Theater — *Kenneth Tynan* — 118
Brief Comments — 126

The Reader Replies — 143

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Russia and the Versailles Conference

GEORGE KENNAN

I

WHEN THE SENIOR STATESMEN of the Allied and associated powers met in Paris, at the end of 1918, to shape the peace that was supposed to justify all the slaughter and misery of the long war, it was expected that the result of their labors would be the creation not just of a peace in Europe, but of something resembling a new world order. The vast amount of governmental authority they represented, the inordinate prestige of President Wilson at the moment, the sweeping, total nature of the Allied victory, and the extravagance of the promises the Allied statesmen had made to the peoples during the war as to what might be expected to flow from such a victory—all these factors had combined to give everyone a greatly exaggerated idea of what such a peace conference could and should produce.

So far as Germany was concerned, the conference was predicated on that unconditional surrender which had been the goal of all Allied policy in the final months of the war. The German people, it was agreed, should not even have a voice in the framing of the peace; they would take what they got. But how about the Russian people? In Russia, hostilities had not ceased. In Russia, on the Bolshevik side, there was still open hostility, scorn, recalcitrance, with regard to Allied purposes. Despite numerous Allied

✪ GEORGE KENNAN, who was for some twenty-six years a member of the American Foreign Service and was ambassador to Russia in 1952-1953, retired from government in 1953. He is now a professor, in the School of Historical Studies, at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey.

The material presented here, taken from Mr. Kennan's lectures in 1957-1958 at Oxford University where he was the George Eastman Visiting Professor, is a part of his forthcoming book, *Russia and the West: Under Lenin and Stalin,* to be published in the spring by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

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expressions of friendship for the Russian people, there was no Russian representative to take part in the proceedings of the conference. Germany, then, was absent from the discussions at Paris because the Allies wished her to be absent; Russia was absent because there was a virtual state of war between the Allied governments and the effective power in Russia.

I scarcely need to point out that the absence of these two powers, Germany and Russia, spelled right then and there the fatal inadequacy of the Versailles Conference as the foundation for a European settlement. To see the force of this observation, we have only to remember that World War II began with the conclusion of the Nonaggression Pact between Stalin and Hitler. A stable postwar arrangement, in other words, had been rendered impossible before the war ever came to an end: by the Russian Revolution, and by the principle of unconditional surrender.

To Wilson, in particular, the absence of Russia at the conference was little short of tragic. It is worth digressing for a moment, here, to note Wilson's previous relation to the problem of Russia.

The figure of Woodrow Wilson, which in its time was the object of so much devotion, so much hatred, and so much scorn, is now becoming clearer and sharper under the light of contemporary scholarship; and a fascinating figure it is, with its tremendous contrasts of brilliant insight and appalling personal deficiencies. Wilson, you will recall, had been an outstandingly successful President up to the beginning of the World War. His efforts up to that time had related almost exclusively to domestic affairs. The reforms that he instituted in this field were sound and bold. Some of them have had a beneficial effect on American life down to this day. But his troubles began when the World War broke out. This event was almost coincidental with the death of his first wife, which was a heavy blow to him and which, I cannot help but feel, cost him something of his personal strength. At the same time he was suddenly propelled into the tremendous problems of foreign affairs created for America by the outbreak of the European war.

Despite his unfamiliarity with the European scene, Wilson's initial reaction to the war in Europe seems to me to have been quite sound. He pleaded for what was in effect a negotiated peace, as opposed to a punitive one. Like Lenin, he sincerely wished for a

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peace without reparations and without annexations. An imposed and punitive settlement would, he observed prophetically in January, 1917, ". . . leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which the terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand." Yet, before the war was over, he had changed his views and was as strong as any of the others for what we, during the Second World War, learned to call "unconditional surrender." What was it that had caused this change of heart?

I believe it was the Russian question. This question seems to have played a special part not only in the President's intellectual calculations, but in his emotional reactions as well. His success at home had been founded largely on his appeal to common people against what were then called the "interests"—the reactionary forces, that is, of big business and worldly success. His image of himself as a statesman was built around his role as the defender of the helpless, the simple, the innocent, against the economic and social mighty of this world. The most serious problem of foreign policy he had had to face before the World War was the troublesome Mexican situation of 1912-1915. Here he had labored to appear as the unselfish friend of the Mexican people, concerned only to do them service, not to bring them harm. The fact that this approach had not worked in Mexico had been for him a great disappointment; but the dream was not shattered. On the contrary, the frustration in Mexico seems to have made him all the more eager to vindicate the concept in some other framework of circumstances.

When the Russian Revolution came, the whole focus of this emotional-political complex in the President's mind was brought to bear on Russia. He pictured the Russian people as a race of frustrated idealists, who had never before had a friend or a mouthpiece, and who, now that their Czarist oppressors were gone, would be sure to respond to his sympathetic and benevolent touch. He felt, I think, that they could be introduced into the world balance of power as his own allies against the arrogant and reactionary forces predominant in the European governments, with whose narrow and selfish war aims he was so disgusted. This is what he meant when he said, on hearing of the Russian Revolution, that "the great, generous Russian people" had "been added in all their naïve

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majesty and might" to the forces that were fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace.

His hopes for the future support of the Russian people were a keystone in his plan for the postwar era. This is why he insisted in the final months of the war that the Russian problem could be solved only by the action of an enlightened Peace Conference, and not by military intervention into Russian affairs. This is why he built his Fourteen Points speech around the principle of liberal treatment of Russia in the postwar period. It was for this reason that when the Allies pressed him to agree to Japanese intervention in Siberia, he replied that one should leave the determination of all questions that might affect the permanent fortunes of Siberia to the Peace Conference. It was for this same reason that nothing, in the German and Austrian peace feelers in the last months of the war, infuriated him more than the suggestion that the Brest-Litovsk Treaty should be maintained in force as the price for a German accommodation with the West. It was, in fact, the draconic nature of the Brest-Litovsk settlement, as he saw it, and the fear that it might disturb his favored scheme, that finally swung him from his aversion to a dictated peace to an acceptance of the idea of total victory and unconditional surrender.

Wilson came to Paris, therefore, at the end of 1918, profoundly disturbed about the Russian problem and most anxious to see something done that would put an end to the Russian civil war and bring Russian representatives to the Peace Conference.

Lloyd George shared this view. As the opening of the conference approached, he became increasingly convinced, to use his own words, "that world peace was unattainable as long as that immense country [Russia] was left outside the Covenant of Nations." He would have gone far to bring about Russian representation at the conference.

Not so Clemenceau. He was firmly against Russian representation. The World War—France's conflict with Germany—was for him the only important issue. Russia, as he saw it, had betrayed France in the war. She had thereby excluded herself as a partner in the peace talks. The peace to be concluded did not concern her. His concern was not that Bolshevism should be fitted into the new world order; it was that Bolshevism should be destroyed or, if this

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was not possible, that a quarantine zone should be erected around it.

In the weeks just preceding the opening of the Peace Conference, the Soviet government repeatedly attempted to convey to the Allies its desire for an immediate and peaceful termination of the intervention and for the establishment of normal political and commercial relations with the Western countries. The Bolshevik leaders were now well aware that none of their Russian opponents would be able to hold out in the absence of Allied military support. They were therefore willing to make serious concessions in order to get the foreign troops out. The Sixth All-Russian Congress of Soviets, convening immediately after the Armistice, addressed to the Allied governments a formal appeal for peace, which was followed up by telegrams to the Allied governments and various proclamations of the same tenor. Shortly thereafter, Litvinov was sent out to Stockholm to try to establish contact with the Allied governments. He succeeded in speaking there with one or two subordinate British and American agents. This occurred just at the time the Paris Conference was convening. Litvinov assured these Allied representatives that the Soviet government was anxious for peace and was prepared to compromise on all important points, including the Russian state debt to the Allies, protection to foreign enterprises in Russia, and the granting of new concessions. It was against the background of these far-reaching assurances, together with the dismal prospects for the Allied intervention, that the Allied statesmen initiated their discussion of the Russian problem in Paris at the beginning of 1919.

Lloyd George described as follows the situation as it existed at the outset of the conference:

> Personally I would have dealt with the Soviets as the *de facto* Government of Russia. So would President Wilson. But we both agreed that we could not carry to that extent our colleagues at the Congress, nor the public opinion of our countries which was frightened by Bolshevik violence and feared its spread. . . .

Other expedients had therefore to be pursued. We can see today, with the advantage of hindsight, that the real possibilities open to the Allied statesmen for doing anything constructive about Rus-

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sia at the conference were extremely limited. Nothing the Allies could have done would have served to overthrow the Bolsheviki or to make them anything else than what they were. The Allies could not stop the Russian civil war, nor could they assure the victory of those they regarded as their friends. They could not create a friendly, well-behaved Russia and bring its representatives to Paris. The best they could have done at that moment would have been to trade a withdrawal of the Allied forces from Russia for a promise on the part of the Russian Communist leaders to grant an amnesty to those Russians who had collaborated with those forces and thus offended the Soviet government. It is true that such an amnesty would not have had any very enduring effect. The amnestied Whites would certainly not have ceased to oppose Soviet power. The Soviet authorities would soon have found ways of punishing them for doing so. But such an arrangement would at least have given the Allied governments a reasonably graceful means of exit from what was, in the best of circumstances, a most embarrassing and unprofitable involvement.

It will be useful for us to examine why not even this modest minimum could be achieved by the Allied representatives at the Paris Conference.

There were really five different attempts at the Paris Peace Conference to do something useful about the Russian problem. First there was an invitation to the warring factions in Russia to send representatives to a conference with Allied delegates on the Island of Prinkipo in the Sea of Marmara. Second, there was a brief and valiant personal effort by Mr. Winston Churchill to bring things to a head and to compel the Bolsheviki either to cease hostilities at once or to suffer a greatly increased Allied military effort against them. Third, there was an attempt by the American and British governments to sound out the Soviet leaders by sending a secret diplomatic agent, Mr. William C. Bullitt, to Moscow to talk to them. Fourth, there was a project, initiated by Herbert Hoover and with the collaboration of the Norwegian explorer Friedtjof Nansen, to get food to the hungering Russian population on terms that would force a clarification of the political

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situation. Finally, after all of these other starts had failed, there was an attempt to create a new rationale for supporting the anti-Bolshevik factions in Russia by pinning them down to a public statement of liberal and democratic purposes.

I should like to examine each of these initiatives in turn, as briefly as possible, and to attempt to identify the reasons for their failure. We will find these reasons instructive and revealing, I think, not just for the failures of Allied statesmanship at that moment, but also for some of the later problems of the Western relationship to Soviet power.

First of all, the Prinkipo invitation.

It was Lloyd George who took the initiative, at the outset of the conference, in proposing that representatives of all the warring factions in Russia be invited to Paris to consult with the Peace Conference, on the condition that they first cease hostilities against one another. This suggestion was immediately snagged on Clemenceau's violent objection. He flatly refused to receive any Bolshevik delegates in Paris. He would resign, he said, rather than do it. This disposed of Lloyd George's proposal.

Wilson, who had favored the British proposal, then suggested that the Russian representatives be invited to meet with the Allied delegates at some other place than Paris. It was suggested that a suitable place would be the Island of Prinkipo in the Sea of Marmara. Travel to that place, it was argued, would not involve the transit of the Soviet delegates through any third country. Clemenceau disapproved of the whole idea, but said he would go along for the sake of solidarity. He suggested that Wilson should draw up an appropriate proclamation. This Wilson proceeded to do. His draft was accepted by the others, including Clemenceau, and was immediately published to the world.

The proclamation was a characteristically Wilsonian document, full of wholly sincere professions of disinterestedness and of a desire to serve the Russian people. Like the original British suggestion, it envisaged a truce in the Russian civil war as a prerequisite for the Prinkipo Conference. If the parties would not stop fighting, their representatives would not be received. February 15—a day

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only three weeks off—was named as the opening date for the conference.

This proposal was a naïve one. What the Bolsheviki and their Russian opponents were interested in was each other's total destruction. There was no room here for amicable discussion. Since the document stemmed from Wilson's pen, it would be easy to assume—and some have done so—that the proposal was only another reflection of the naïve American conviction that man is a reasonable animal, dominated by good will. Wilson was much laughed at for this step. But it was quite unjust to charge him with the authorship of it. It was in a meeting of the Imperial War Cabinet in London on the last day of December, 1918, that the idea had its origin. The Americans, actually, were not particularly sanguine about it. Wilson's Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, wired privately to his deputy in the State Department that nothing was likely to come of the proposal; it had been adopted only because military intervention was a failure; the alternative would have been to remain silent and let things take their course. This, Lansing said sadly, would have satisfied no one.

Lansing's pessimism was wholly justified. The invitation was flatly rejected by the Russian Whites. Their representatives in Paris had been quietly encouraged by the French, behind Wilson's back, to decline the invitation. They appear, in fact, to have been assured by the French that they need not worry—they would continue to have Allied support even if they turned down the invitation. This action on the part of the French did not remain concealed from the President; and it may be presumed to have been one of the things that did not particularly endear his Continental colleagues to him.

The Soviet reply, while not wholly negative, was evasive about the truce, and somewhat insulting in its language, after the fashion of early Soviet diplomatic communications to capitalist governments. This, together with the refusal of the anti-Bolshevik groups to sit down at a table with the Communists, was sufficient to kill the proposal.

The two replies—Communist and non-Communist—were delivered to the conference on February 12. President Wilson was

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scheduled to leave for the United States two days later, for an absence of several weeks. This combination of facts—the failure of the Prinkipo plan and the President's imminent departure—caused considerable perturbation in the British government, particularly among those members of the Cabinet who did not share Lloyd George's skepticism about the usefulness of the intervention and who wanted to see some incisive action agreed upon at once. Plainly, if Wilson got away before any new decisions were taken, things would just drag on, and there would be many weeks more of uncertainty and inaction. Lloyd George was detained in London, at that moment, by political difficulties at home. It appears to have been decided, in the light of this fact, that Mr. Churchill should go over to Paris, attend the last meeting of the Council of Ten on the day of Wilson's departure, and attempt to get the President's agreement to some definite and incisive course of military action in Russia, as an alternative to Prinkipo.

Just how and why it was that Mr. Churchill (who disagreed with Lloyd George thoroughly on everything having to do with the Russian question) should have been selected for this mission is unclear. Lloyd George said in his memoirs that "Mr. Churchill very adroitly seized the opportunity . . . to go over to Paris and urge his plans upon the consideration of [the others]." The uninitiated American historian may be permitted to wonder whether Lloyd George himself did not adroitly seize the opportunity to let Mr. Churchill work off some of his steam against Wilson's glacial aversion to everything that had to do with military intervention and against the complete unwillingness of any of the other Allies to put up money or forces for an expanded military effort in Russia.

In any case, Mr. Churchill did join the session on the day of Wilson's departure. It was, of course, a full and busy day. The senior statesmen were preoccupied with many other matters. It was not until about seven o'clock in the evening, when everyone was tired and the dinner hour was pressing, that the talk got around to Russia. In these circumstances, the discussion was unavoidably cursory and inconclusive.

We come up at this point, incidentally, against one of the basic reasons why the statesmen at Paris failed in their effort to

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deal with the Russian problem. I have in mind here the inherent defects of what we might call "summit diplomacy"—of the effort to transact important diplomatic business by direct meetings between senior statesmen. These defects are many. The multitude of ulterior problems that press upon a prime minister or a head of state is so great that no single subject, especially one not regarded as of primary importance, is apt to receive detailed and exhaustive attention. Nor can the senior statesmen stay with a problem for any great length of time. Their time is precious; other responsibilities take them away. In the present instance the very fact that both Wilson and Lloyd George were obliged to leave the conference at this juncture and, incidentally, that Clemenceau was seriously wounded by a would-be assassin four days later, shows clearly how the treatment of any important international subject is endangered when its negotiation is left to those who hold the supreme positions.

In any case, to return to our narrative: on the late afternoon of February 14, at the meeting of the Council of Ten, with Wilson fidgeting to get off to the railway station, Churchill brought up the Russian question and emphasized the need for clearing up at once the uncertainty resulting from the inconclusive outcome of the Prinkipo proposal. He pointed particularly to the deterioration of the military situation of the anti-Bolshevik forces in Russia and to the weakened morale of the Allied units there. To this Wilson responded by saying that the Allied troops were doing no good in Russia; they did not know for whom or for what they were fighting; the groups they were supporting showed no political promise; they ought to be withdrawn at once. As for Prinkipo: if Russian delegates could not be brought to the West, perhaps an effort could be made to get in touch with them through informal representatives.

Churchill stressed, in reply, the debt of loyalty the Allies owed to the anti-Bolshevik forces with whom they were associated. Wilson admitted that this was a dilemma, but pointed out, very truly, that the Allied forces would have to leave Russia some day: it was no good putting off the day of reckoning.

On this inconclusive note the session of February 14 ended.

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For three days after Wilson's departure, Churchill continued to press, in the absence of both Lloyd George and Wilson, for issuance of a ten-day ultimatum to the Bolsheviki to stop the fighting, with the understanding that if it was not accepted, the Supreme War Council would see what could be done about overthrowing the Soviet government by force of arms. But the report of these suggestions, relayed to Lloyd George and Wilson, drew indignant protests from both of them. Neither would entertain the thought of anything like an intensified military effort in Russia. Mr. Churchill was obliged to retire in frustration. Immediately after Churchill's return to England, Clemenceau was shot. With that, all three of the top figures were out of action. Discussion of the Russian problem at the senior level stopped for several weeks. Intensified intervention, as a means of dealing with the Russian situation, had been proposed, and in effect rejected by the conference.

Wilson, in the discussion on the day of his departure, had hinted at the desirability of getting in touch with the Soviet leaders through informal representatives. This was not an empty phrase. What he had in mind, unquestionably, was an idea that had been suggested to Colonel House by a liberal American journalist, Lincoln Steffens. Steffens had suggested the dispatch of a private exploratory mission direct to Moscow. The idea commended itself to House and evidently to Wilson. Mr. William C. Bullitt, an attaché of the American delegation at the Peace Conference, was selected for the task. Steffens was to go with him. Mr. Bullitt, you will recall, was destined fourteen years later to be the first American ambassador to the Soviet Union. He was, at the time of this first visit to Russia in 1919, twenty-eight years old, liberal in his views, brilliant, inexperienced and greatly excited.

The British were informed of the project and evidently approved of it. At a later date Lloyd George and his private secretary, Mr. Philip Kerr (later Marquess of Lothian), denounced Bullitt's subsequent revelations about this mission as a tissue of lies; and Lloyd George conveyed the impression that he had had nothing to do with it. It is possible that Bullitt may have been unintentionally inaccurate in some of his statements. But he did pro-

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duce, on this later occasion, the text of a private note handed to him by Mr. Kerr before his departure for Russia, to which was appended a list of the conditions upon which Kerr personally thought it would be possible for the Allied governments to resume normal relations with Russia. These included a general cessation of hostilities, an amnesty to Russians who had fought on the Allied side, and the eventual withdrawal of the Allied forces. It was, perhaps, improper for Bullitt to make public this note, as he subsequently did; but I am not aware that its authenticity has ever been denied. It was with this document in his pocket that Bullitt set off for Moscow. One can only regard his visit, therefore, as having British as well as American sanction.

The Americans said nothing to the French about Bullitt's mission. They were under the impression that the French had deliberately sabotaged the Prinkipo proposal behind the scenes, and they did not wish this second effort to be similarly frustrated.

Bullitt and Steffens arrived in Moscow in mid-March. They were well received. Bullitt had talks with Lenin and others of the Soviet leaders. Both men were favorably impressed by the evidences of discipline and singleness of purpose on the part of the Soviet government, and by the sincerity of the desire of the Soviet leaders to put an end to the civil war and the intervention. They obtained from Lenin, after some discussion, the draft of a document having the form of an Allied proposal to the Soviet government. Bullitt was assured that if this proposal were made by the Allied governments not later than April 10, it would be accepted by the Soviet leaders.

It was probably an unwise method of procedure, on Bullitt's part, to return with such a document. It left to the Allied governments no latitude of negotiation. By taking cognizance of the document, they would obviously place themselves in a position where they could only take it or leave it. Any alteration in its text at the Allied end would have given the Soviet government formal grounds for refusing to accept it. Nevertheless, it was in substance not an offer to be lightly rejected from the Allied standpoint. It did provide for a cessation of hostilities between the various existing governments and factions in Russia, for a raising of the Allied

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blockade, for the opening up of the channels of communication, for a withdrawal of Allied troops and a termination of Allied military support for any Russian groups. Most important of all, it promised a general amnesty for those who had supported the Allies.

The Allies, as subsequent events were to demonstrate, would have been well out of it on these terms. It is a pity they were not accepted. But this was not to be. Bullitt, having wired his findings from Helsinki, got back to Paris in the last days of March, bursting with the importance of what he had accomplished. To his astonishment and chagrin, he found that the whole situation had changed. The senior statesmen, now back in Paris, were locked in a series of Herculean disagreements on questions of the treatment of Germany. These days constituted, in fact, the first great crisis of the conference. Bullitt seems to have reached the scene on the very day when passions were at their peak and the strain on everyone was the greatest.

Whether Wilson and Lloyd George ever gave serious attention to the proposals with which Bullitt had returned does not appear from the records. Wilson, pleading a headache, refused to receive him and shunted him off to Colonel House, saying to House that he himself had a single-track mind and simply could not take on the Russian problem in addition to what he was already thinking about. Bullitt was profoundly offended by this brush-off, and sneered ever afterward about the President's headache. But here he was probably unjust. The episode occurred within a day or two of Wilson's nervous and physical collapse, at the beginning of April. He may well have had a headache on the day in question.

Bullitt appeared before the other members of the American delegation at the conference and spent a day talking with them. The following morning, according to his own statement, he had breakfast with Lloyd George, General J. C. Smuts, Sir Maurice Hankey and Kerr. He later cited Lloyd George and Smuts as having been strongly in favor of a solution along the lines embodied in the Soviet proposal, but Lloyd George, he said, was now frightened by the attacks being launched against him in England from the Conservative side over the Russian question. Waving a copy of the *Daily Mail*, Lloyd George said—still according to Bullitt—

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"As long as the British press is doing this kind of thing how can you expect me to be sensible about Russia?" He expressed doubt that Bullitt's tale would be believed. He talked of sending some prominent Conservative to Russia to find out for himself and to tell the public what the Bolshevik attitude was.

From this point on, the matter seems to have bogged down completely. Colonel House passed Bullitt on to some of his own subordinates who were actually averse to the Bullitt proposals and had a wholly different idea as to what ought to be done. The April 10 deadline proposed by the Soviet government was allowed to pass without any Allied reaction. This, of course, obviated the entire proposal; for once the deadline was passed, the Soviet government was no longer committed. If anything were now to be done, the matter would have to be entirely renegotiated.

In the ensuing days the Bullitt mission was the subject of insistent queries in the House of Commons on the part of alarmed Conservatives, partisans of the intervention, who had read in the press of Bullitt's trip and of the proposals with which he had returned, and who feared that the British government might be on the point of accepting them. On April 16, Lloyd George, temporarily back in London, took the bull by the horns, appeared in the House of Commons, and made a major policy statement on the Russian question. He was then asked by one of the members whether he could make any statement on the approaches or representations alleged to have been made to his government by persons acting on behalf of such government as there was in Central Russia. To this Lloyd George replied that they had had nothing authentic —no such approaches at all. But he did think he knew to what the Right Honorable Gentleman referred:

> . . . There was some suggestion that a young American had come back from Russia with a communication. It is not for me to judge the value of this communication, but if the President of the United States had attached any value to it he would have brought it before the conference, and he certainly did not.

Lincoln Steffens, who had accompanied Bullitt on his trip, heard somewhere that Lloyd George's reason for washing his hands of Bullitt in this way was to protect himself against the French,

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who, having learned of the Bullitt mission, were now accusing Lloyd George of having gone behind their back. This sounds quite plausible.

Bullitt, in any case, being unaccustomed to the cruelty of politics and perhaps to the personal amorality that is the concomitant of high political authority, was doubly stung by this public denial. His cup of bitterness overflowed. He was disillusioned anyway with the form the Peace Treaty was assuming under the hammering of the European Allies. He blamed Wilson for surrendering his ideals. A few weeks later he resigned, reproaching Wilson bitterly with having "so little faith in the millions of men, like myself, in every nation who had faith in you." When the journalists asked him what he proposed to do, he said he was going to go down to the Riviera and lie on the sands and watch the world go to hell. Some months later he spilled his own story, with passionate indiscretion, to a senatorial committee anxious to discredit the President in the fight over the League. Neither Wilson nor his British friends ever forgave him for doing so.

The reasons for the failure of the Bullitt mission lie to some extent in the partiality of Colonel House's entourage to another idea, which remains to be discussed. But I think it worth noting, before we go on to that, the other factors that led to Bullitt's failure. One of these was certainly the general atmosphere of confusion that attends any large multilateral gathering of senior statesmen—in other words, the characteristic inadequacy of summit statesmanship, which I spoke of earlier. Closely connected with this was the great difficulty that is always involved in any attempt of a coalition of sovereign governments to negotiate with a single hostile political entity, particularly in a confused and rapidly moving context of circumstance. This is something that requires centralization of authority, complete privacy of decision, and a highly disciplined mode of procedure. These are not the marks of coalition diplomacy. Their absence is something that has bedeviled the statesmanship of the Western democracies down to the present day.

An even more important cause of Bullitt's misfortune was no doubt the domestic-political situation in England, which did not permit Lloyd George to do what he thought would have been sensi-

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ble about the Russian problem. Here you get into another of the characteristic disadvantages of democratic diplomacy—the fact that a system of government under which the executive power is sensitively attuned to the waves of popular sentiment and of parliamentary opinion is one that finds it difficult to adjust rapidly and incisively to a complicated and fast-moving series of circumstances, especially when controversial domestic issues are involved. Tocqueville once observed that "a democracy can only with great difficulty regulate the details of an important undertaking, persevere in a fixed design, and work out its execution in spite of serious obstacles." All this was doubly true of the representatives of democratic governments who struggled with the Russian problem at the Peace Conference in 1919.

II

But there was another reason for the failure of the Bullitt mission. At the time of Bullitt's return to Paris a new proposal was being entertained in the entourage of Colonel House. House's leading subordinates were evidently influenced by the general anti-Bolshevik feeling that predominated in the State Department and in the Allied social circles generally, and which contrasted strongly with the realistic appreciation shown by Wilson and Lloyd George for the dangers of the intervention.

The scheme which, during Bullitt's absence in Russia, had begun to commend itself to these gentlemen was one that centered around the person and activities of the future American President, Herbert Hoover. Hoover was at that time Director of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, an American organization that had functioned with spectacular success during the war in getting food relief to the population of German-occupied Belgium. Hoover, a mining engineer by training, had been given complete control of this operation. He had plenty of money at his disposal. He had been able to draw on members of the executive staffs of American businesses all over Europe, now displaced by the war. He was a ruthless and effective administrator; and his organization, unem-

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cumbered with the usual burdens of governmental bureaucracy, was able to do an effective and impressive job.

As the war came to an end, Hoover's organization moved into other areas of Europe, bringing urgent food relief to the peoples, and particularly to children and other specially needy portions of the population. Hoover was, in fact, made Food Administrator for the Allies generally. This position gave him in many situations considerable political power; and he did not fail to make this influence felt in a number of instances, in the interests of the success of his program.

To people who were impressed with Hoover's operations, and the power that had gravitated into his hands, it was only a step to the assumption that if he could move into Russia with a food relief program, as he had done into various parts of Central Europe, he would be able to extort an end of the civil war on terms favorable to Allied interests, as a price for the food relief. Whether this would involve the fall of the Soviet regime was, I think, not clear in the minds of most people who entertained the idea; but it was assumed that at least the Russian Communists could be confronted with the choice between moderating their behavior and their principles of conduct, or accepting the onus of denying the proffered food to a Russian population, large parts of which were already starving.

On March 28, 1919, just as Bullitt was completing his journey and was about to arrive in Paris, President Wilson received a long letter from Hoover recommending the establishment of a relief commission for Russia along the lines of the Belgian one. The plan was not, I hasten to explain, the result of any friendly sentiments on Hoover's part toward the Soviet regime. Hoover, whose experience as a mining engineer had included service in Russia before the war, had no friendly feelings toward the Bolsheviki. It was his view that the Allies should insist, as part of the price for their support of such a scheme, that the Bolsheviki cease hostilities against their opponents in Russia, and stop their propaganda abroad. Communist political activity was now beginning to make serious headway in other countries of Europe and to be a source of real worry to a great many upstanding people. Just one week before Hoover

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wrote his letter, the Communists had seized power in Hungary, where Hoover's Food Administration was attempting to organize a relief action. Hoover no doubt shared the horror that many people were now experiencing on their first contact with this new doctrine and their realization of what it might mean for Europe. Thus he took pains to specify that his plan did not involve any recognition of what he called "the Bolshevik murderers" any more than England, in supporting the Belgian relief program, had entered into a relationship with a hostile Germany. His idea was that a neutral figure should be placed in charge of the program; the latter should publicly ask for Allied support; the Allies should then state the conditions on which they would support the program. These conditions would be such as to place before the Soviet government, as I have just suggested, the choice of falling in with general Western desiderata or accepting the onus of denying the food to the Russian people.

The idea of using food as a weapon was one that had a very strong appeal to the American mind. It appealed to some of the most dangerous weaknesses in the American view of international affairs, and it had, in my opinion, a most pernicious influence on American thinking. Since the money and the food would be donated by Americans, the action could always be portrayed to people at home as an altruistic and benevolent one, and made to contrast favorably with that evil and awful thing called "power politics" of which the European countries were presumed to be chronically guilty. No use of force was involved. No troops had to be kept on foreign soil as sanctions for this diplomacy. One was relieved of the sordid ordeal of political negotiations and compromise. One simply defined one's conditions and left it to the other fellow to take it or leave it. If he accepted, all right; if he declined, so much the worse for him.

It was, of course, true that anyone making such an offer had a perfect right to define the conditions of it. It is also only fair to recognize that the conditions laid down by Hoover's organization were moderate and reasonable, and usually essential to the successful operation of the program. In no instance did they seek any territorial acquisitions or other illicit gains for the United States. A

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certain basic decency of the whole procedure was assured by the very mildness of the aspirations of an America still deeply rooted in the tradition of isolationism.

But the farther you got away from the orderly and liberal forms of society prevailing on Europe's Atlantic seaboard, and the closer you came to the more primitive political conditions of Eastern Europe, the more difficult it became to define conditions for the distribution of food that were not simultaneously conditions for the adjustment of domestic political realities. To insist on the fair and impartial distribution of food was to insist on moderation and liberality of political behavior generally; but to insist on this, in terms of Russia and Eastern Europe, could be the most violent and outrageous of interventions in the domain of domestic political affairs. People in that part of the world were inclined to ask: What was the use of having power if you could not deprive your enemies of food and channel it to your friends?

Wilson, very much preoccupied by the crisis over the German problem to which the Peace Conference itself, by April, 1919, had advanced, turned Hoover's letter over to Colonel House. Hoover, meanwhile, who was not the man to doubt that any recommendation of his would be instantly accepted, had proceeded to implement his idea by summoning Friedtjof Nansen to Paris, and asking him to accept the titular leadership of the proposed Relief Commission for Russia. Nansen, after agreeing to do this, was persuaded to support Hoover's letter with another letter of his own to the Big Four senior statesmen at the conference. The text of this letter, incidentally, had been drafted for him by Hoover. In this letter, Nansen formally proposed the relief action that Hoover had suggested, and asked on what conditions the Allied governments would approve it.

Nansen's letter was delivered to the members of the Council of Four on April 3. This was one of the darkest and most dramatic days of the Peace Conference. It was the day on which President Wilson, worn with strain and frustration, collapsed and took to his bed for a period of some days. It was just at this time that Bullitt had appeared on the scene with Lenin's proposals. On the previous day, April 2, the awkward questioning about the Bullitt mission

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had begun in the House of Commons. There was more of this questioning on April 3; and the spokesman for the government felt obliged to assure the House that "the Allied Governments had received no proposals for an honourable understanding with the present rulers of Russia"—a statement that might have been technically defensible but was certainly quibbling. We may be fairly sure that Lloyd George had by this time made it clear to Wilson and Colonel House that, in these circumstances, there could be no question of a follow-up on the Bullitt proposals. Wilson's illness precluded any discussion of them, anyway, at the top level.

House, encouraged by his subordinates, therefore seized on the letter from Hoover and Nansen as a means of evading Lenin's offer. Here was an alternative scheme which, if successful, appeared to spell less risk for the Allies, and could bring no embarrassment if it did not succeed. House charged his subordinates with the task of preparing a reply to Nansen. He disposed of Bullitt by suggesting to him that the Allied reply to Lenin could be embodied in the terms of the Nansen proposal, and suggested that he merge his efforts with those who were handling the Hoover-Nansen initiative.

House's subordinates at once produced, for Bullitt's edification, a draft that—unbeknownst, apparently, to Bullitt—also had proceeded from Hoover's pen.

Bullitt tried his best to work into the letter to Nansen something resembling a response to Lenin's proposals, but without success. The most he was permitted to do was to polish up Mr. Hoover's somewhat jerky prose. This edited version was duly laid before the Big Four, who signed it as a formal communication of the Peace Conference, and dispatched it to Dr. Nansen on April 17. It was at once released to the public and splashed over the headlines of the world press. In it, the Allied statesmen welcomed the Nansen proposal and went on to define the conditions on which they would be prepared to support it. A cessation of the hostilities in Russia was stipulated; but, in contrast to Lenin's proposals, nothing was said about any withdrawal of the Allied forces. Distribution and transportation within Russia, it was said, would have to be under the supervision of the proposed Relief Commission; but, subject to this supervision, the distribution of the food

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in Russia was to be "solely under the control of the people of Russia themselves." The people in each locality, Dr. Nansen was told, ". . . should be given, as under the regime of the Belgian Relief Commission, the fullest opportunity to advise your Commission upon the methods and the personnel by which their community is to be relieved."

Was there ever, one wonders, any greater nonsense than this curious document, bearing the signatures of Orlando, Lloyd George, Wilson and Clemenceau? The provision for supervision of all Russian transportation by the Relief Commission meant simply taking one great and vital branch of economic and military administration out of the hands of the Russian government entirely. This the Soviet government could never have accepted without a disastrous collapse of its prestige. But beyond this, how could the people of any Russian locality act as a collective entity in such matters, even assuming that experience and tradition had fitted them to do so, unless they were in some way organized and represented for this purpose? This meant elections—elections of public bodies with real power. But the Russia of the spring of 1919 was, God knows, in no condition to conduct elections of any kind. It was ravaged by hunger and cold and confusion and a civil war that had now advanced to the utmost degree of bitterness and commitment on both sides. Who was to organize such elections? Who was to stand guard over their impartiality? Who was to see and to count the ballots? Where was the Russian whose detachment toward the civil war was so great and so generally recognized that others would consent to place their lives and those of their families in his power by handing to him a secret ballot? The very suggestion of local community action of this sort reflected a terrifying naïveté as to what the Russia of that hour was really like.

Nansen took the letter from the Big Four and tried to transmit it by wire to Lenin. Despite the fact that Clemenceau had signed it, the French government's radio station refused to send it. Again, as in the case of the Prinkipo proposal, the French were sabotaging the very measures to which Clemenceau had agreed. Cap in hand, Nansen went from one of the Allied governments to the other, vainly trying to find one that would consent to transmit the note

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the Allied statesmen had themselves signed. He finally got it sent, apparently through German channels. It was not until May 4 that the Soviet government picked it up, as it had picked up the Prinkipo proposal, from the air waves.

What were the Soviet leaders to make of such a communication? A resignation of their powers over food distribution, over the transportation system, and over local government, coupled with the continued presence of the foreign troops in Russia, would plainly spell the end of their regime. The deadline for acceptance of the proposals they had handed to Bullitt had long since lapsed. They were now doing better in the civil war, both militarily and politically, than they had done in March. They needed the food, needed it badly, in fact; but they were in no mood to entertain Western schemes that concealed under the mask of a food relief program the destruction of their political system.

The reply that they sent was signed not by Lenin but by Chicherin. It was polite enough in its tone of address to Nansen personally; but it was unsparing in its denunciation of the Allied note. It was clear that the Soviet leaders smelled, in the provision for a cessation of hostilities, an Allied effort to trick them of the military victory in the civil war which they were quite confident would be theirs if there were no increase in the Allied military effort against them. To require a cessation of hostilities meant, Chicherin pointed out in the reply, to prevent the belligerent—who had every reason to expect successes—from obtaining those successes. This, he went on to say, was a purely political act. It had nothing to do with food relief. Nansen's humanitarian intentions were being obviously abused, he charged, by the Allied governments. The Soviet government had repeatedly offered to discuss a cessation of hostilities; it was still ready to do so, but only if there could be a discussion also of the true reasons why the war was being waged against it—and a discussion with its real adversaries, the Allied governments, not just with the puppets of those governments, the Russian Whites. The Bolsheviki were prepared to meet at any time with Nansen and his collaborators; but they could not accept the Allied conditions.

While all this was going on, the Big Four had begun to discuss

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the attitude they should adopt toward Kolchak. It was Wilson who raised the question on May 9, a few days before Chicherin's reply was received. The effort of the American troops to maintain a detached and neutral position vis-à-vis the warring Russian factions had by this time aroused the ire both of the Allied governments and of Kolchak and his followers and associates, who simply could not understand why the Americans should refuse to participate in the effort to overthrow the Bolsheviki. There was a growing danger of clashes between the American forces and the Russian Whites. Wilson brought this to the attention of the Peace Conference, and said that he thought the situation could not go on much longer. Either the American expeditionary force must be instructed to support Kolchak or it must be withdrawn at once. The American government had little confidence in Kolchak. Wilson, therefore, favored the withdrawal of the American contingent.

Lloyd George pleaded for a postponement of the decision. He was under the impression, as were the French, that Kolchak was doing very well indeed, that he had the Communists on the run, and that, if one only waited a little while, the Bolsheviki would be finished. Kolchak would then be easy to deal with.

As we know today, this was not so at all. The high-water mark of Kolchak's spring offensive had really been passed some two to three weeks earlier. By the time this discussion took place in Paris, Kolchak was not only again on the defensive, but he had begun that retreat which was to lead, within the year, to his political and personal destruction. The reason why the statesmen in Paris did not know this was that they were making the same mistake the Americans were destined to make forty years later in the case of the Chinese civil war: they were drawing their information exclusively from the side that they wanted to see win. The Allies had no observers, at this point, on the Bolshevik side. They *had* had observers there some months earlier, but these had been lightheartedly sacrificed to the interests of the intervention itself. The Allied governments were now paying the penalty for this sacrifice, in the form of very poor and unreliable information about Russian conditions. It was a heavy price.

Wilson himself was not much impressed with these optimistic

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reports of Kolchak's progress. He continued to favor withdrawal of the American troops. But his spirit had by this time been broken in the battle over the Versailles Treaty. He yielded reluctantly, in the end, to Lloyd George's opinion, observing sadly that the British had more experience with intervening in remote countries than had the Americans. And, as a result of Wilson's yielding on this point, the American forces remained in Siberia almost a year longer than would otherwise have been the case. Wilson did suggest, however—and the suggestion was favorably received—that an effort might at least be made to pin Kolchak down to some sort of public assurance that, in the event of his political and military success, he would introduce a liberal and democratic system of government in Russia.

It was this suggestion that the statesmen had on their minds when Chicherin's reply to the Nansen proposal was laid before them on May 20. Nansen wanted to accept the Soviet offer. He proposed to send his own representatives to Stockholm for discussions with the Bolshevik delegates. Wilson thought there was merit to some of Chicherin's points, and would probably have wished to encourage Nansen. But Clemenceau, once more, refused to hear of it. It was clear, he said, that Bolshevik power was now on the decline. The Communists had rejected Nansen's offer founded on pure humanitarianism. What could you do with such people?

No one had any very good answer to this; and the discussion degenerated into a desultory post-mortem over the manner in which they had all become involved in this miserable Russian situation in the first place. Lloyd George said the British objective in the intervention had been the restoration of the Eastern front; but this had necessitated collaboration with the Russian Whites; one could not now leave them in the lurch. Wilson recalled that the Americans had gone into Siberia only in order to help the Czechs get out; but when they got there, the Czechs had refused to leave. His own sense of frustration, he indicated, was complete. For the first time, he said, he had ceased to experience any chagrin over the fact that they had never had a policy toward Russia; there was no policy that they could have had.

There is something very sad in this confession. For two long

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years the Russian situation had lain close to Wilson's heart. Earnestly he had hoped to demonstrate in his handling of Russian matters the principles to which he was so profoundly attached. It was he who had said, after all, in the Fourteen Points speech, that the treatment of Russia by her sister nations would be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs, of their own intelligent and unselfish sympathy. Now all these high hopes lay in the dust.

Actually, in this sad confession Wilson was close to the heart of the matter. The beginning of wisdom, in the Russian question of 1919, was the recognition that there was nothing more the Allied governments could accomplish by the retention of their forces in Russia.

But Wilson was in a lone and helpless minority. There was no further discussion of Chicherin's reply. Nansen was left, for the moment, to die on the vine. Instead of pursuing the Nansen project, the senior statesmen went on to order the drafting of the communication to Kolchak, asking him to clarify his democratic intentions. By May 26, the draft, prepared by Mr. Philip Kerr, was ready and approved. It was dispatched that very day and, again, was made public.

This document, representing the last action to be taken at the Peace Conference in the Russian question, opened with the extraordinary proposition that the time had come for the Allied and associated powers to make clear "once more" the policy they proposed to pursue in regard to Russia. Unkind critics might well have asked on what previous occasion they had made this clear. The note then went on to promise to the doomed Kolchak, whose power was already rapidly disintegrating, the assistance of the Allies in munitions, supplies and food, to the end that he might install his regime as the government of all Russia. He was asked, however, to give assurances that he would, if successful, convene a constitutional convention; that he would permit free local elections; that he would not attempt to restore the old order; that he would make certain concessions in the nationalities problem; that he would bring Russia into the League of Nations; and that he would agree to assume the indebtedness of former Russian governments.

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The principal purpose of this note was simply to provide a moral and political basis for the participation of the United States government in the supplying and provisioning of Kolchak. The British had already given all they could. The French and Italians had nothing to give.

The note represented, of course, an empty gesture. Paper promises were a dime a dozen during the Russian civil war. The issuance of the desired assurances cost Kolchak precisely nothing. The reply, actually, was largely drafted for him by the French and British representatives at his headquarters, who thought they knew what President Wilson wished to hear. Very soon after this reply was received in Paris, the decline of Kolchak's fortunes became too obvious to be longer ignored. Wilson, who had never been convinced that things were as they had been represented to him, sent his own representative to Siberia to find out the true facts. This representative, the American ambassador to Japan, Mr. Roland Morris, reported that without direct reinforcement by an Allied contingent of at least fifty thousand men Kolchak could not possibly maintain himself, and that further shipments of supplies and munitions would simply be wasted. This killed the whole project, so far as the United States government was concerned. Kolchak proceeded rapidly to his early and tragic demise.

With this, the last of the efforts of the Peace Conference to deal with the Russian problem passed into history, devoid, like all the earlier ones, of any positive result. And not only, let us note, had no positive goals been achieved, but the Allies had succeeded in forfeiting, in the course of their handling of this problem, the only favorable and useful possibility that did lie, briefly, before them: a deal with the Soviet government that would have permitted a relatively graceful and early withdrawal of the Allied forces from the Russian scene by agreement with the Soviet government on the basis of a stipulated amnesty for those Russians who had collaborated with the Allied forces.

If I have imposed on your patience by going over in such detail the efforts of the Peace Conference to do something about Russia, it has been because I thought these experiences instructive as

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examples of the manner in which governments—and particularly liberal democratic governments—actually work. This question of "how" as distinct from the "what" of diplomacy is, I assure you, of tremendous importance; and of all the questions having to do with diplomatic undertakings, it is the one for which there is, in our Western countries, the least understanding. It can really be questioned whether the Allied governments, organized as they were organized, and working together as they were attempting to work together in the Russian question in 1919, could have hoped to implement successfully any policy toward Russia at all.

What do we see when we look back, from this standpoint, over this series of episodes in the record of the Peace Conference? We see, first of all, the shocking lack of any unity or intimacy of approach among the various Allied governments. They had never reconciled their various views of what the world was supposed to be like after victory over the Germans. They had been fighting for different things and pretending, in an endless flow of beautiful phrases, that what they were fighting for was the same thing. Their confrontation with the Russian problem tore the mask off a great deal of this equivocation and hypocrisy.

Second, one sees the almost insoluble technical problem that is inherent in coalition diplomacy as such. This is aside from the question of differences of outlook in themselves. It is the problem of how such differences are to be reconciled in such a manner as to permit a flexible, alert and firm conduct of policy on behalf of the group as a whole. An occasional single decision is by no means enough. When one is dealing with situations as complicated as that of Russia in 1919, one needs decisions day by day. And one needs something more difficult to define—something I can describe only as a consistency of style and methodology. This is precisely what a coalition, operating on the basis of sporadic tortured compromises, finds it difficult to achieve.

One sees again the characteristic limitations of summit diplomacy, about which I have already spoken. One sees the senior statesmen harried, pressed, groaning under the spotlight of publicity, under the limitations of physical and nervous strength, under the multitudinous pressures of high position, flitting from

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problem to problem like bees from one flower to another, touching each only briefly and sporadically, hoping always that some sort of pollination will spring from their magic touch. And one sees how inadequate this is for a task—namely, the task of diplomacy—which is really one of style, of perseverance and of ceaseless vigilance.

On top of this we see the characteristic deficiencies of the democratic system of government from the standpoint of the conduct of foreign policy. I shall not dwell on these. Both Wilson and Lloyd George were more sensible and perceptive in their instincts as to how the Russian problem ought to be treated than was the public opinion by which they were faced at home, or the subordinates through whom they had to work. One comes away from the reading of their experiences at the Peace Conference with the question as to how much democracy was benefited by having men of such experience and—in the Russian question at least—of such good sense, if their impulses were to be so brutally negated by opinion at home and by lack of discipline within their own establishments.

Finally, there was the inadequacy of the information at the disposal of the Allied governments. This deficiency was compounded by their tendency to lean on the Russian Whites for most of the information they obtained. It is not to deny these people our sympathy to point out that they were not the most impartial of sources on the Russian civil war. Sometimes I think it might be made a maxim of democratic statesmanship in difficult situations to seek one's information, however distasteful this might be, from the study of one's enemies rather than from the consultation of one's friends.

This inadequacy of information was not just one of knowledge but also one of understanding. It was not just a matter of day-by-day factual information; it was a matter of being able to envisage and apprehend the spirit of another society. In the inability of the Allied statesmen to picture to themselves the passions of the Russian civil war, as in their stubborn belief that the principles of liberal parliamentarianism ought to have some relevance to the situation in Russia, you had the reflections of what I fear we must

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call a certain parochialism of the Anglo-Saxon mind, and particularly the American mind, of the late nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. We represent, all of us, a society in which the manifestations of evil have been carefully buried and sublimated in the social behavior of people, as in their very consciousness. For this reason, probably, despite our widely traveled and outwardly cosmopolitan lives, the mainsprings of political behavior in such a country as Russia tend to remain concealed from our vision. The comprehension of these motives is something against which our conscious minds rebel, as against something uncongenial and dangerous to the sources of our own spiritual security. To this tendency even the statesmen of Paris in 1919 were not immune.

These were only some of the technical deficiencies of Allied statesmanship in its relation to the Russian question at the Peace Conference. But I think we should note that all of this operated against the background of a great and pervasive conceptual error, which was an inability to assess correctly the significance and the consequences of the war in which Europe had just been engaged. The meaning the Allied statesmen had insisted on reading into the war now blinded their judgment of the possibilities of the peace.

The fact is that Russia was already lost to the purposes of Western statesmanship long before the Peace Conference began. There had always been an element of artificiality in Russia's participation in the World War on the Allied side. The Czar's government had had its own reasons for entering the war. Even these were reasons that had meant nothing to the great mass of the Russian people. How much less comprehensible to them must have been the motives and calculations of people in London and Paris. The mental and spiritual world of the Russian peasant was leagues and centuries removed from that of the people who manned the Western governments. France and Britain, in other words, had contrived to draw to their aid in an intra-European contest the resources of a people on the periphery of Europe who had no idea of what this was all about, no real interest in the outcome of the struggle, no commitment to the things the Allies were fighting for. The terrible military effort had proved too much for the system of government in that country, and had produced not only its breakdown,

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but a lasting embitterment of the people against the West. The Czar's government, which had been the only link with respectable Western thought, was discarded. The Western governments were faced on the Russian scene with a group of fanatics profoundly and incurably hostile to Western ideals and traditions. These people drew their political strength from the measureless bitterness of a great people who had never known self-government, whose blood and substance had only recently been exploited by others, in tremendous quantities, for a struggle they did not understand. The effort of the Western Allies to have Russia's assistance in the war had proved too great a strain for the very governmental arrangements on which that assistance rested—the bond had snapped. The result was that Russia was finally estranged and lost to the purposes of the peace. The price of having Russia as an ally in the war for three years was the loss of Russia as a partner in the construction of the peace.

Had the Western governments perceived, in 1917, the folly of trying to keep Russia in the war, and had they moved at that time to terminate the struggle—not on Lenin's terms but on the basis that Lord Lansdowne so futilely recommended—something might still have been salvaged from the wreckage, and Russia might still have been able to make some positive contribution to the peace. The insistence on continuing the war for another year, and on trying to restore an Eastern front regardless of the effect on Russian political life, destroyed even this possibility. The statesmen at Paris, who sought Russia's collaboration in the building of a new world order, never understood that it was already much too late. At the time of the Paris Conference Russia's potential usefulness to the postwar West already lay, like so many tens of thousands of Europe's youth, buried in the dust of the war—a casualty to the dictates of hatred, vindictiveness, self-righteousness and revenge. It had been put there by the same statesmen who, in 1919, wrung their hands over Russia's absence as they set about, at Paris, to shape the peace.

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Poetry and Criticism: T. S. Eliot

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

If we seek to understand literary criticism, not in isolation, but in relation to the poetry that is its subject matter and perhaps its justification, we would do well to reject the idea that great critics call great poets into being. The true relation seems rather to be the reverse; revolutions in criticism follow after revolutions in poetry, sometimes long after, codifying and consolidating them. When a critic makes a general statement about all poetry, he tends to have some particular poetry in mind, which he takes to be the ideal. We can best see this by reducing the multiplicity of literature in any given period to four representative specimens. A is the original poem, which we will call the standard. *B is the criticism that erects the A poem's formal organization into general principles, the* poetics. *C is the new work that cannot be accommodated to the critical principles of B, and we will call it the* challenge. *D is the new critical generalization that arises out of and justifies C, and it might be called the* sanction.

In literary history, this movement is a continuing dialectic, and the challenge and sanction of one series become the standard and poetics of the next, and provoke a new C and D into being. . . . It should be obvious that the critic producing the poetics or sanction may be, and often is, himself the author of the standard or challenge poem. . . . The critic's statements are best understood in terms of that poem, and by making overt the ties of literary criticism to specific works of imaginative literature, we can hope to gain new insights into the critical performance, and perhaps into the creative performance too.

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This article is from *Poetry and Criticism: Four Revolutions in Literary Taste*, which Atheneum will publish in the spring. Permission to reprint from T. S. Eliot's *Collected Poems 1909-1935* and *Selected Essays* is granted by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

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A good example of the *challenge* to an earlier standard and poetics comes in 1918 with the publication of "Sweeney Among the Nightingales" by the thirty-year-old Thomas Stearns Eliot. It is a sequence of ten iambic tetrameter quatrains, each rhymed on the second and fourth lines. We know nothing of the poem's occasion. It is a complex and opaque work, not readily paraphrased. Suffice to say that it tells of Sweeney, an earthy character who appears in several other Eliot poems, threatened by violence in some sort of dive, and, like Pope's "Rape of the Lock" and Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence," establishes wider significances for its relatively trivial events.

We should first note that after all the elevation of Arnold's slogans, Eliot's poem is defiantly low. The scene appears to be a bar frequented by prostitutes, and public behavior there is somewhat indecorous. We are introduced to the protagonist in the first stanza:

> Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
> Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
> The zebra stripes along his jaw
> Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The next character enters in the third stanza without much concern for appearances:

> The person in the Spanish cape
> Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees
>
> Slips and pulls the table cloth
> Overturns a coffee-cup,
> Reorganized upon the floor
> She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The poem's second conspirator appears after the waiter brings in exotic fruit:

> Rachel *née* Rabinovitch
> Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;

The remaining characters, if not as active, are just as low.

We know something of Sweeney from Eliot's other poems. In "Sweeney Erect" we see him shaving naked in a brothel, undisturbed by a girl's shrieking. In "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service," while others are in church, he shifts from ham to ham

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in his bath. In the unfinished *Sweeney Agonistes*, he lectures a whore named Doris about life and death, concluding with an anecdote about a man he knew who murdered a girl and kept her corpse in a gallon of lysol in the tub, as the result of which he became something of a philosopher. Critics have differed considerably about the sources of Sweeney, with Eliot's encouragement. Eliot told F. O. Matthiessen that he modeled Sweeney on a man he first saw in a bar in South Boston. He told Nevill Coghill many years later that he pictured Sweeney as a retired professional pugilist who keeps a pub. Conrad Aiken, who knew Eliot well fifty years ago, has written that Sweeney may be modeled on a retired fighter who gave Eliot boxing lessons in South Boston when he was a graduate student in philosophy at Harvard.

Whatever the source of Sweeney, his nature is fairly clear: he is the physical or sensual man. The poem's simple action is a suggestion of conspiracy. We are told of Rachel in the seventh stanza:

> She and the lady in the cape
> Are suspect, thought to be in league;
> Therefore the man with heavy eyes
> Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

The heavy-eyed man, described merely as "The silent man in mocha brown" or "The silent vertebrate in brown," may be the object of the conspiracy, and appears to think he is, since he departs abruptly in the next stanza, but the larger framework of the poem suggests that it is Sweeney's death that is plotted, and that the man in brown may be declining the chance to be a conspirator. There is some possibility that the whole poem after the second stanza is Sweeney's dream, since it is all one enormous sentence introduced by the line:

> And Sweeney guards the hornèd gate.

which might be the Gate of Horn in the *Odyssey* and the *Aeneid* through which true dreams come. Whether the action is dream or real, however, it is distinguished by its sordidity and the subhumanity of the characters: Sweeney is ape, zebra and giraffe, the lapsitter is "the person in the Spanish cape," Brown is a vertebrate, Rachel tears her food like an animal. Unlike Bianca in Elizabeth

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Barrett Browning's "Bianca Among the Nightingales," Sweeney is a brute among the brutes.

The analogues of the action, however, are considerably less brutish. The last six lines of the poem make it clear that past and present meet in the timeless concurrence of so much of Eliot's poetry, and the singing of the nightingales joins the plot against Sweeney with several famous deeds of violence:

> The nightingales are singing near
> The Convent of the Sacred Heart,
>
> And sang within the bloody wood
> When Agamemnon cried aloud,
> And let their liquid siftings fall
> To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

The poem's epigraph is a Greek line from the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, Agamemnon's terrible cry as Clytemnestra hacks at him: "Alas, I have been struck deep a deadly wound." The epigraph and the poem's ending in combination suggest strongly that Sweeney is to be killed, that he is in fact a type of Agamemnon, apeneck and gross, sinful and arrogant in his sin, and that we are at the "purpose" stage of tragedy. The "bloody wood" in which the nightingales sang is, Grover Smith says in *T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays*, the grove of the Furies in Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, but it seems much more strongly Sir James Frazer's golden-bough grove in which the sacrifice of the vegetation spirit in various human embodiments goes on eternally.

In an earlier printing, the poem had for its epigraph, not the line from Aeschylus, but a quotation from the anonymous *Raigne of King Edward the Third*: "Why should I speak of the nightingale? The nightingale sings of adulterous wrong." The reference is to the myth of Philomela from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Her brother-in-law, King Tereus, raped her and cut out her tongue to conceal the crime, and the gods transformed her into a nightingale. Eliot used the story as a motif in *The Waste Land* three years later:

> Above the antique mantel was displayed
> As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene

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The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
"Jug Jug" to dirty ears.

"Sylvan scene," incidentally, is from Book Four of *Paradise Lost*, Satan's entry into Eden, and Eliot thus makes Philomela and Tereus one more telling of the story of Proserpina gathered by gloomy Dis, *Eliot's* equivalent for Satan's victory over Eve. "Sweeney Among the Nightingales" thus ends with mutilated Philomela singing "with inviolable voice" while Agamemnon lies butchered, and the sacrificial victims in the bloody wood Sweeney is entering begin to pile up.

Nor are those all. The great god Dionysus himself, endlessly dismembered by his band of maenads and endlessly resurrected, appears in stanza five with his attribute the grapes. It is he who is torn apart when Rachel tears the grapes with murderous paws, and the purple juice shed is his blood. Her murderous animal madness is the sign of his entering into her, she eats him to become him, and Dionysus is thus a divine mystery, both slayer and slain. We are then told that the man with heavy eyes:

Leaves the room and reappears
Outside the window, leaning in,
Branches of wistaria
Circumscribe a golden grin;

He is now the resurrected Dionysus, framed in the purple blood of wistaria, grinning and golden like the Stranger in *The Bacchae*. Half hidden behind him is yet another slain god, Jesus. The poem continues:

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

The nightingales now are the nuns singing the Sacred Heart of Jesus and his Passion, Jesus like Dionysus the god sacrificed to the god. The "someone indistinct" with whom the host converses is the indistinct additional figure of *The Waste Land*, "wrapt in

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a brown mantle, hooded," who is the risen Christ at Emmaus. The man in brown, like Philomela, has been considerably transformed. "The host" himself, in a bold pun, is the sacramental wafer of Communion, and "converses" is the "turns-into" of "conversion," another transformation or metamorphosis. The poem, Donald Stauffer says finely in *The Nature of Poetry*, is a "narrative of betrayal by the brute lust of the world." While Sweeney laughs in a South Boston joint, Eve is corrupted by Satan, Persephone is gathered by Hades, Philomela is raped by Tereus, Agamemnon is slain by Clytemnestra, Dionysus is torn apart by maenads and resurrected, Jesus is betrayed by Judas, crucified, and risen.

The poem then has its seriousness, if low rather than high seriousness. Eliot has Milton in mind not only in *The Waste Land*'s "sylvan scene," but in the very Miltonic "maculate," in the first stanza of "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," restoring "immaculate" to its Latin root-meaning of *physically* unspotted. The second and third stanzas set the action against the Miltonic epic setting of geography and cosmology:

> The circles of the stormy moon
> Slide westward toward the River Plate,
> Death and the Raven drift above
> And Sweeney guards the hornèd gate.
>
> Gloomy Orion and the Dog
> Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;

The "shrunken seas" may even be Arnold's shrunken seas of Faith in "Dover Beach." The poem's last line, "To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud," is borrowed from a line in "Ichabod," John Greenleaf Whittier's bitter poem against Daniel Webster, "To stain the dim dishonored brow." Betrayal goes on in New England too, if lesser betrayal. The poem's organization is associative, lyric and thematic, building up its figures in layers of significance. But its action is a firm sequence of strong verbs, most of them monosyllabic: Sweeney spreads, guards; Miss Cape tries, slips, pulls, overturns, yawns, draws; Brown sprawls, withdraws, declines, leaves, reappears; Rachel tears; the nightingales sang and Agamemnon cried.

One of the things the poem is about is art. The title "Sweeney

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Among the Nightingales," in this aspect, is a conceit for the poet and his low subject. The inviolable voice of Philomela that tells her woes after her tongue has been cut out (in the myth, she weaves her story into a piece of embroidery) is art: embroidery, Ovid's poetry, Aeschylus singing the death of Agamemnon, Eliot singing the conspiracy against Sweeney. At the end of the poem, the liquid siftings of the nightingales that fall on Agamemnon's corpse are the pure notes of immortal song. But they are also bird droppings, spotting the dishonoured shroud, making it maculate instead of immaculate. Another of the things the poem is about is excrement. The lovely song of the nightingale is " 'Jug Jug' to dirty ears," and if the sacramental drinking of Dionysus in the grape or eating of Christ in the wafer is high spiritual experience at one end of the process, it is excrement at the other. Eliot's poem is the voice of the modern revolution, insisting against Arnold that poetry must deal with the most sordid details of experience as well as the noblest, and embodying both in Sweeney. Eliot told Matthiessen, in a characteristic statement, "that all he consciously set out to create in 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' was a sense of foreboding." This may very well be true, but its truth is the cryptic ironic truth of the Delphic oracle. Eliot was not doing an ominous saloon scene, but offering us the deepest forebodings of the human spirit: that man is only a nasty animal; that the dead may not rise; that God's death may be, as Yeats said, "but a play"; that art is merely the child's fouling of his crib.

The *sanction* for "Sweeney Among the Nightingales" is Eliot's essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent," published the next year, 1919, and collected in a volume, *The Sacred Wood*, in 1920. "Tradition and the Individual Talent" discusses the relationship of a modern poet to his predecessors, the nature of the poetic process, and the aims of poetry and the poet. In it Eliot never mentions "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," nor any of his poems, nor even the fact that he is a poet. The essay is nevertheless a powerful manifesto for his own individual talent. *The Sacred Wood*, Matthiessen writes in *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot*, immediately placed the author "in the main line of poet-critics that runs from

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Ben Jonson and Dryden through Samuel Johnson, Coleridge, and Arnold," the line of "craftsmen talking of what they knew at first hand." Eliot was performing his friend Ezra Pound's highest function of criticism, formulating the principles his poetry demonstrates. Many years later, in "The Music of Poetry" in 1942, Eliot admitted this. He wrote:

> But I believe that the critical writings of poets, of which in the past there have been some very distinguished examples, owe a great deal of their interest to the fact that the poet, at the back of his mind, if not as his ostensible purpose, is always trying to defend the kind of poetry he is writing, or to formulate the kind that he wants to write.

The key word in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" is "tradition." Eliot begins by saying that it is used mostly as censure or archaeology, that we tend to dwell on differences, to praise a poet for "those aspects of his work in which he least resembles anyone else." Eliot would have us praise a poet as "traditional" and value his resemblances to earlier poetry, but not for simple copying. He writes:

> Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour.

We may be reminded of Arnold's remark in "Milton":

> But excellence is not common and abundant; on the contrary, as the Greek poet long ago said, excellence dwells among rocks hardly accessible, and a man must almost wear his heart out before he can reach her.

A man need not necessarily wear his heart out obtaining tradition, but he must at least ignore his immediate predecessors. Eliot writes, again following Arnold:

> Yet if the only form of tradition, of handing down, consisted in following the ways of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to its successes, "tradition" should positively be discouraged.

In a later essay, "Baudelaire in Our Time," this became the doctrine that tradition skips a generation, and that a poet has more in common with his grandfather's literary generation than with his father's.

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In "Tradition and the Individual Talent," Eliot explains that the poet's tradition must be selective but that it cannot be whimsical. He writes:

> To proceed to a more intelligible exposition of the relation of the poet to the past: he can neither take the past as a lump, an indiscriminate bolus, nor can he form himself wholly on one or two private admirations, nor can he form himself wholly upon one preferred period.

Eliot adds:

> The poet must be very conscious of the main current, which does not at all flow invariably through the most distinguished reputations.

Obtaining a tradition requires a special ability. Eliot writes:

> It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to any one who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporaneity.

In this mystic timelessness and simultaneity, we can see the sanction for "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," just as the poem in turn helps us to understand what the essay means. Put more dramatically:

> The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them.

When he wrote that the historical sense is a requisite for the poet over twenty-five, Eliot was thirty-one. In the introduction to the book, he quoted Arnold's remark that the Romantic poets of the first quarter of the nineteenth century "did not know enough," and his clear resolve is not to share that fate.

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The poets mentioned in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" are a curious small group: Homer, Aeschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Tourneur and Keats. It is not meant to be an inclusive list, and other essays in the book make it clear that the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists and the French symbolists share Eliot's esteem. The name of Milton is a marked omission. For years, Pound had been fulminating against Milton: Milton "shows a complete ignorance of the things of the spirit"; "Milton is the most unpleasant of English poets"; "Milton is the worst sort of poison," "the worst possible food for a growing poet"; and so on. Eliot did not publish on Milton until 1936, in "A Note on the Verse of John Milton," and then to explain that Milton was an unsatisfactory human being and a bad influence, concluding: "He may still be considered as having done damage to the English language from which it has not wholly recovered." When Eliot ate some of his words in "The Music of Poetry" in 1942 and a second essay on Milton in 1947 (all of these are reprinted in *On Poetry and Poets*), he conceded that he had blamed Milton for too much that was inevitable in the history of culture, and that if Milton made blank verse impossible for the drama, "we may also believe that dramatic blank verse had exhausted its resources, and had no future in any event." The point of all of this is that Milton had no place in 1918 in *Eliot*'s poetic tradition, that another kind of poetry had to be written.

Eliot's account of the poetic process in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" centers in the image of the catalyst, "the action which takes place when a bit of finely filiated platinum is introduced into a chamber containing oxygen and sulphur dioxide." Eliot writes:

> When the two gases previously mentioned are mixed in the presence of a filament of platinum, they form sulphurous acid. This combination takes place only if the platinum is present; nevertheless the newly formed acid contains no trace of platinum, and the platinum itself is apparently unaffected; has remained inert, neutral, and unchanged. The mind of the poet is the shred of platinum.

We cannot doubt that the catalyst analogy is aimed at Arnold's touchstones. A touchstone is a flintlike stone used to test the

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purity of gold and silver. By replacing Arnold's primitive image with an up-to-date scientific one, by transferring the operation from the reading process to the writing process (the poet's mind being platinum, more precious than gold and silver), and by nastily imaging the poem as sulphurous acid, Eliot is producing an ironic counterstatement.

The formal theory that follows from the catalyst analogy, as "high seriousness" followed from the touchstone, is what Eliot calls "this Impersonal theory of poetry." Eliot got it from Pound, who got it ultimately from Poe. "The more perfect the artist," he writes, "the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates." Eliot adds: "The poet has, not a 'personality' to express, but a particular medium." Thus:

> Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things.

He concludes: "The emotion of art is impersonal." In the essay "Hamlet and His Problems" written the same year, Eliot amplified the Impersonal theory with the doctrine, built on Wordsworth's formula, of the "objective correlative":

> a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked.

The ingredients of poetry are the poet's emotions and feelings, with a somewhat shadowy distinction between them, and it will evoke emotions and feelings in the reader, but as the link between those two experiences it is not itself emotional or feeling. In his essay "Dante" in 1929, Eliot repudiates his earlier prejudice "that poetry not only must be found *through* suffering but can find its material only *in* suffering," which found expression in such statements as the one in "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca":

> Shakespeare, too, was occupied with the struggle—which alone constitutes life for a poet—to transmute his personal and private agonies into something rich and strange, something universal and impersonal.

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Emotions and feelings are thus visibly suffering and agonies, but the poem is to be an artifact to produce them without displaying them. Poetry is "a fusion of elements," and a great variety of combinations is possible. The nightingales will sing for Sweeney too.

Finally, the aim of poetry is delight, as it was for earlier critics. Eliot writes:

> If we seek not Blue-book knowledge but the enjoyment of poetry, and ask for a poem, we shall seldom find it.

Eliot goes directly after Arnold's "high seriousness," tagging it as the Longinean criterion it is. He writes:

> If you compare several representative passages of the greatest poetry you see how great is the variety of types of combination, and also how completely any semi-ethical criterion of "sublimity" misses the mark. For it is not the "greatness," the intensity, of the emotions, the components, but the intensity of the artistic process, the pressure, so to speak, under which the fusion takes place, that counts.

Here, finally, is what will allow the "low seriousness" of "Sweeney Among the Nightingales" to be great poetry, the intensity of the fusion. Eliot has attacked Arnold for not being "altogether the detached critic" but having his own poetry in mind when he wrote, and we are reminded of Wyndham Lewis' statement in *Men Without Art* that Eliot always describes himself in accusing Arnold. The last sentence of "Tradition and the Individual Talent" is a manifesto for the new poet:

> And he is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living.

In his later account of the poet-critic in "The Music of Poetry," Eliot wrote:

> Especially when he is young, and actively engaged in battling for the kind of poetry which he practises, he sees the poetry of the past in relation to his own: and his gratitude to those dead poets from whom he has learned, as well as his indifference to those whose aims have been alien to his own, may be exaggerated. He is not so much a judge as an advocate. His knowledge even is likely to be partial: for his studies will have led him to concentrate on certain authors to the neglect of others.

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When he theorizes about poetic creation, he is likely to be generalizing one type of experience; when he ventures into aesthetics, he is likely to be less, rather than more competent than the philosopher; and he may do best merely to report, for the information of the philosopher, the data of his own introspection. What he writes about poetry, in short, must be assessed in relation to the poetry he writes.

It is the man of fifty-four looking back on the man of thirty-one, who found in the tradition of the past, as Eliot wrote in "Yeats," "the kind of poetry that is in him to write." The young Eliot thus created the taste by which he was to be enjoyed, and "Tradition and the Individual Talent" made it possible for "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," and poems like it before and after, to survive in the world of Milton and the mighty dead without conceding an inch. That is the true relation between poetry and criticism, a marriage based on mutual need, and as marriages go it has been an unusually fruitful and happy one over the centuries.

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Armorial

RALPH GUSTAFSON

I lay down with my love and there was song
Bursting, like the lilies I once saw
Lovely around King Richard, murdered
Most foully and all his grace at Pomfret,
The roses of England stolen; our love
Was like gules emblazoned at Canterbury
Most kingly in windows and leopards
Passant on bars of gold. This
Was our heraldry.

Our love was larks and sprang from meadows
Far from kingdoms, which regal grew
With rod and blood red weed and rush
Where water ran; this was our love,
The place where she chose, I could not but come,
A field without myth or rhetoric.
She lay down with love and my hand
Was gold with dust of lily. This
Was our province.

There was song in that kingly country
But I saw there, stuck like a porcupine
On Bosworth Field the arrows through him,
That regal and most royal other
Richard, runt and twitch in a ditch,
His hand wristdeep in lily where
Henry Tudor rolled him, the gules
Of England draining on his shirt.
My love wept.

✪ RALPH GUSTAFSON, a Canadian poet, is now on a Senior Fellowship from the Canada Council for Creative Writing. He is the author of several volumes of poetry including *Flight into Darkness, Rocky Mountain Poems* and *Rivers among Rocks*. He is also the editor of *The Penguin Book of Canadian Verse*.

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The Long Loneliness

Man and the Porpoise: Two Solitary Destinies

LOREN EISELEY

THERE IS NOTHING MORE ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE THAN MAN. He is alone because he has the intellectual capacity to know that he is separated by a vast gulf of social memory and experiment from the lives of his animal associates. He has entered into the strange world of history, of social and intellectual change, while his brothers of the field and forest remain subject to the invisible laws of biological evolution. Animals are molded by natural forces they do not comprehend. To their minds there is no past and no future. There is only the everlasting present of a single generation—its trails in the forest, its hidden pathways of the air and in the sea.

Man, by contrast, is alone with the knowledge of his history until the day of his death. When we were children we wanted to talk to animals and struggled to understand why this was impossible. Slowly we gave up the attempt as we grew into the solitary world of human adulthood; the rabbit was left on the lawn, the dog was relegated to his kennel. Only in acts of inarticulate compassion, in rare and hidden moments of communion with nature, does man briefly escape his solitary destiny. Frequently in science fiction he dreams of worlds with creatures whose communicative power is the equivalent of his own.

It is with a feeling of startlement, therefore, and eager interest touching the lost child in every one of us, that the public has received the recent accounts of naval research upon the intelligence

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of one of our brother mammals—the sea-dwelling, bottlenosed porpoise or dolphin.

These small whales who left the land millions of years ago to return to the great mother element of life, the sea, are now being regarded by researchers as perhaps the most intelligent form of life on our planet next to man. Dr. John Lilly, of the Communications Research Institute in the Virgin Islands, reports that the brain of the porpoise is 40 per cent larger than man's and is just as complex in its functional units. Amazed by the rapidity with which captive porpoises solved problems that even monkeys found difficult, Dr. Lilly is quoted as expressing the view that "man's position at the top of the hierarchy [of intelligence] begins to be questioned."

Dr. Lilly found that his captives communicated in a series of underwater whistles and that, in addition, they showed an amazing "verbalizing" ability in copying certain sounds heard in the laboratory. The experimental animal obviously hoped to elicit by this means a reproduction of the pleasurable sensations he had been made to experience under laboratory conditions. It is reported that in spite of living in a medium different from the one that man inhabits, and therefore having quite a different throat structure, one of the porpoises even uttered in a Donald-Duckish voice a short number series it had heard spoken by one of the laboratory investigators.

The import of these discoveries is tremendous and may not be adequately known for a long time. An animal from a little explored medium, which places great barriers in the way of the psychologist, has been found to have not only a strong social organization, but to show a degree of initiative in experimental communicative activity unmatched by man's closest relatives, the great apes. The porpoises reveal, moreover, a touching altruism and friendliness in their attempts to aid injured companions. Can it be, one inevitably wonders, that man is so locked in his own type of intelligence—an intelligence that is linked to a prehensile, grasping hand giving him power over his environment—that he is unable to comprehend the intellectual life of a highly endowed creature from another domain such as the sea?

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Perhaps the water barrier has shut us away from a potentially communicative and jolly companion. Perhaps we have some things still to learn from the natural world around us before we turn to the far shores of space and whatever creatures may await us there. After all, the porpoise is a mammal. He shares with us an ancient way of birth and affectionate motherhood. His blood is warm, he breathes air as we do. We both bear in our bodies the remnants of a common skeleton torn asunder for divergent purposes far back in the dim dawn of mammalian life. The porpoise has been superficially streamlined like a fish.

His are not, however, the cold-blooded ways of the true fishes. Far higher on the tree of life than fishes, the dolphin's paddles are made-over paws, rather than fins. He is an ever-constant reminder of the versatility of life and its willingness to pass through strange dimensions of experience. There are environmental worlds on earth every bit as weird as what we may imagine to revolve by far-off suns. It is our superficial familiarity with this planet that inhibits our appreciation of the unknown until a porpoise, rearing from a tank to say Three-Two-Three, re-creates for us the utter wonder of childhood.

Unless we are specialists in the study of communication and its relation to intelligence, however, we are apt to oversimplify or define poorly what intelligence is, what communication and language are, and thus confuse and mystify both ourselves and others. The mysteries surrounding the behavior of the bottlenosed porpoise, and even of man himself, are not things to be probed simply by the dissector's scalpel. They lie deeper. They involve the whole nature of the mind and its role in the universe.

We are forced to ask ourselves whether native intelligence in another form than man's might be as high, or even higher than his own, yet be marked by no such material monuments as man has placed upon the earth. At first glance we are alien to this idea, because man is particularly a creature who has turned the tables on his environment so that he is now engrossed in shaping it, rather than being shaped by it. Man expresses himself upon his environment through the use of tools. We therefore tend to equate the use of tools in a one-to-one relationship with intelligence.

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The question we must now ask ourselves, however, is whether this involves an unconsciously man-centered way of looking at intelligence. Let us try for a moment to enter the dolphin's kingdom and the dolphin's body, retaining, at the same time, our human intelligence. In this imaginative act, it may be possible to divest ourselves of certain human preconceptions about our kind of intelligence and at the same time to see more clearly why mind, even advanced mind, may have manifestations other than the tools and railroad tracks and laboratories that we regard as evidence of intellect. If we are particularly adept in escaping from our own bodies, we may even learn to discount a little the kind of world of rockets and death that our type of busy human curiosity, linked to a hand noted for its ability to open assorted Pandora's boxes, has succeeded in foisting upon the world as a symbol of universal intelligence.

We have now sacrificed, in our imagination, our hands for flippers and our familiar land environment for the ocean. We will go down into the deep waters as naked of possessions as when we entered life itself. We will take with us one thing alone that exists among porpoises as among men: an ingrained biological gregariousness—a sociality that in our new world will permit us to run in schools, just as early man ran in the packs that were his ancient anthropoid heritage. We will assume in the light of Dr. Lilly's researches that our native intelligence, as distinguished from our culturally transmitted habits, is very high. The waters have closed finally over us, our paws have been sacrificed for the necessary flippers with which to navigate.

The result is immediately evident and quite clear: No matter how well we communicate with our fellows through the water medium we will never build drowned empires in the coral; we will never inscribe on palace walls the victorious boasts of porpoise kings. We will know only water and the wastes of water beyond the power of man to describe. We will be secret visitors in hidden canyons beneath the mouths of torrential rivers. We will survey in innocent astonishment the flotsam that pours from the veins of continents—dead men, great serpents, giant trees—or perhaps the little toy boat of a child loosed far upstream will come floating past.

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Bottles with winking green lights will plunge by us into the all-embracing ooze. Meaningless appearances and disappearances will comprise our philosophies. We will hear the earth's heart ticking in its thin granitic shell. Volcanic fires will growl ominously in steam-filled crevices. Vapor, bird cries and sea wrack will compose our memories. We will see death in many forms and, on occasion, the slow majestic fall of battleships through the green light that comes from beyond our domain.

Over all that region of wondrous beauty we will exercise no more control than the simplest mollusc. Even the octopus with flexible arms will build little shelters that we cannot imitate. Without hands we will have only the freedom to follow the untrammeled sea winds across the planet.

Perhaps if those whistling sounds that porpoises make are truly symbolic and capable of manipulation in our brains, we will wonder about the world in which we find ourselves—but it will be a world not susceptible to experiment. At best we may nuzzle in curiosity a passing shipbottom and be harpooned for our pains. Our thoughts, in other words, will be as limited as those of the first men who roved in little bands in the times before fire and the writing that was to open to man the great doorway of his past.

Man without writing cannot long retain his history in his head. His intelligence permits him to grasp some kind of succession of generations; but without writing, the tale of the past rapidly degenerates into fumbling myth and fable. Man's greatest epic, his four long battles with the advancing ice of the great continental glaciers, has vanished from human memory without a trace. Our illiterate fathers disappeared and with them, in a few scant generations, died one of the great stories of all time. This episode has nothing to do with the biological quality of a brain as between then and now. It has to do instead with a device, an invention made possible by the hand. That invention came too late in time to record eyewitness accounts of the years of the Giant Frost.

Primitives of our own species, even today, are historically shallow in their knowledge of the past. Only the poet who writes speaks his message across the millennia to other hearts. Only in writing

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can the cry from the great cross on Golgotha still be heard in the minds of men. The thinker of perceptive insight, even if we allow him for the moment to be a porpoise rather than a man, has only his individual glimpse of the universe until such time as he can impose that insight upon unnumbered generations. In centuries of pondering, man has come upon but one answer to this problem: speech translated into writing that passes beyond human mortality.

Writing, and later printing, is the product of our adaptable many-purposed hands. It is thus, through writing, with no increase in genetic, inborn capacity since the last ice advance, that modern man carries in his mind the intellectual triumphs of all his predecessors who were able to inscribe their thoughts for posterity.

All animals which man has reason to believe are more than usually intelligent—our relatives the great apes, the elephant, the raccoon, the wolverine, among others—are problem solvers, and in at least a small way manipulators of their environment. Save for the instinctive calls of their species, however, they cannot communicate except by direct imitation. They cannot invent words for new situations nor get their fellows to use such words. No matter how high the individual intelligence, its private world remains a private possession locked forever within a single, perishable brain. It is this fact that finally balks our hunger to communicate even with the sensitive dog who shares our fireside.

Dr. Lilly insists, however, that the porpoises communicate in high-pitched, underwater whistles that seem to transmit their wishes and problems. The question then becomes one of ascertaining whether these sounds represent true language—in the sense of symbolic meanings, additive, learned elements—or whether they are simply the instinctive signals of a pack animal. To this there is as yet no clear answer, but the eagerness with which laboratory sounds and voices were copied by captive porpoises suggests a vocalizing ability extending perhaps to or beyond the threshold of speech.

Most of the intelligent land animals have prehensile, grasping organs for exploring their environment—hands in man and his anthropoid relatives, the sensitive inquiring trunk in the elephant.

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One of the surprising things about the porpoise is that his superior brain is unaccompanied by any type of manipulative organ. He has, however, a remarkable range-finding ability involving some sort of echo-sounding. Perhaps this acute sense—far more accurate than any man has been able to devise artificially—brings him greater knowledge of his watery surroundings than might at first seem possible. Human beings think of intelligence as geared to things. The hand and the tool are to us the unconscious symbols of our intellectual achievement. It is difficult for us to visualize another kind of lonely, almost disembodied intelligence floating in the wavering green fairyland of the sea—an intelligence possibly near or comparable to our own but without hands to build, to transmit knowledge by writing, or to alter by one hairsbreadth the planet's surface. Yet at the same time there are indications that this is a warm, friendly and eager intelligence quite capable of coming to the assistance of injured companions and striving to rescue them from drowning. Porpoises left the land when mammalian brains were still small and primitive. Without the stimulus provided by agile exploring fingers, these great sea mammals have yet taken a divergent road toward intelligence of a high order. Hidden in their sleek bodies is an impressively elaborated instrument, the reason for whose appearance is a complete enigma. It is as though both man and porpoise were each part of some great eye which yearned to look both outward on eternity and inward to the sea's heart—that fertile entity so like the mind in its swarming and grotesque life.

Perhaps man has something to learn after all from fellow creatures without the ability to drive harpoons through living flesh, or poison with strontium the planetary winds. One is reminded of those watery blue vaults in which, as in some idyllic eternity, Herman Melville once saw the sperm whales nurse their young. And as Melville wrote of the sperm whale, so we might now paraphrase his words in speaking of the porpoise. "Genius in the porpoise? Has the porpoise ever written a book, spoken a speech? No, his great genius is declared in his doing nothing particular to prove it. It is declared in his pyramidical silence." If man had sacrificed his hands for flukes, the moral might run, he would still be a philoso-

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pher, but there would have been taken from him the devastating power to wreak his thought upon the body of the world. Instead he would have lived and wandered like the porpoise, homeless across currents and winds and oceans, intelligent, but forever the lonely and curious observer of unknown wreckage falling through the blue light of eternity. This role would now be a deserved penitence for man. Perhaps such a transformation would bring him once more into that mood of childhood innocence in which he talked successfully to all things living but had no power and no urge to harm. It is worth at least a wistful thought that someday the porpoise may talk to us and we to him. It would break, perhaps, the long loneliness that has made man a frequent terror and abomination even to himself.

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A Heart Stays South in Winter

ELIZABETH PHILLIPS

A silent snow is blowing
Here in the Mediterranean latitude
Only the heart keeps the cold from growing

Nature expresses me
But for this I've no gratitude
Love's words must be weather-free

O storm's way, brain's agony,
Love's weather must be word-free

A heart hurts wherever it's wintered
And floods its blood where snow's interred

✪ ELIZABETH PHILLIPS' poetry first appeared in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR in 1944. Miss Phillips, who teaches contemporary poetry and fiction at Wake Forest College, is lecturing during the current academic year at the National University of Seoul, Korea.

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To Emily Dickinson

ERIKA RENON

I am not quite as short of breath
as she, whom I adore;
which makes for less precision
than hers that went before.

Not half as lonesome as she was,
for tepid company
I pay with a distinctive loss
in ecstasy.

She burned with an intensity
which I in vain desire.
I'm but a flame, while Emily
remains a blazing fire.

✪ ERIKA RENON is the wife of René Fueloep-Miller. An established German poet, she is now writing in English. The first of her poems to be published in the United States appeared in the Spring, 1956, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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The Case Becomes Less Strange

CHARLES D. ARING

maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth.
The Princess, *Tennyson*

THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY AGO, Fanny Stevenson, frightened in the night by her husband's cries and moans, prodded him into wakefulness. In a dawning state of consciousness he was annoyed, and not for the usually mundane reasons. Robert Louis Stevenson, who for weeks had suffered bouts of lung hemorrhage and prostration, nevertheless had been wracking his brain for a plot of any sort. Accordingly the creative mind of the sleeping writer had been engaged by a fantastic and horrifying drama of extraordinary vividness and seeming reality that he had not had the opportunity of resolving. He arose the next morning, despite illness, to work on his dream fantasy. Although he had a rough draft after three days, the tale left him unsatisfied, as had the interrupted original creation. Fanny didn't like the story; besides, he had qualms about its psychological soundness. He destroyed the manuscript and launched into a second version, which he completed in another three days. *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was the product of this intensive work, and it presented the psychological insights I wish to discuss here.

Perhaps no one has marketed his dreams on as large scale as Stevenson. He said, we now know correctly, that no event is ever really forgotten, and dreams derive from this treasure house of lost memories. He told how his dreams came to produce stories for

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him much more rapidly and effectively than he himself could. Dream creativeness, however, in no sense means being as different as one can from what one is in waking life. In Stevenson's words, dreams are near connections of the dreamer's, beyond doubt; they share in his financial worries and have an eye to the bankbook; they share plainly in his training; they have learned like him to build the scheme of a considerable story and to arrange emotion in progressive order; only, he says, I think they have more talent. In other words, dreams are wiser than the dreamer. They seem to be the artist freed of many of his temporal, local and cultural constraints. Their imagination is the normal imaginative process broadened, enriched and deepened.

Gardner Murphy, the director of research at the Menninger Foundation, to whom I am indebted for some of my material on dreams, tells about dream creativeness in his book on personality. "Partly because the outer world is not there to say no, partly because the senses can contribute only few and feeble interferences, partly because one has at his disposal the entire material of his life, and partly because no critical standards, no acid test can be invoked, the dream typically reaches heights and spreads out over areas which the disciplined mind of the civilized adult would not dare to scan. If for no other reason than the richness of available materials, the degree of creativeness achieved may altogether transcend even the wild fancies of the fanatic, the intoxicated, or the delirious." In short, dreaming permits us to become quietly and safely unhinged, and there is growing evidence that dreams protect our daytime sanity.

Robert Louis Stevenson isn't likely to have missed much because of the interruption of his dream. The mind of genius, on which final evidence is not yet in, can be harvested by day or night. With the censor asleep, the pangs of birth are fewer. Creation during dreaming is a fascinating process. One night in 1865, Friedrich August Kekule, professor of organic chemistry at Ghent University in Belgium, had a dream about the molecular arrangement of the atoms within a molecule of benzene. Although considerable work had gone into the problem, chemists had been unable to dis-

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cern the spatial configuration of this molecule. While Kekule slept, his active mind devised a solution around the image of a snake with its tail in its mouth. Although his dream creation of the benzene ring was not acceptable to his associates, Kekule used it to predict the behavior of derivatives of benzene. Considerable progress in the field of organic chemistry resulted when his predictions were verified.

A somewhat analogous experience was that of Otto Loewi of the Pharmacological Institute of the University of Graz in Austria, now a resident of New York City. In 1921, Loewi devised an experiment in a dream, or a daze, that led directly to the discovery of the chemical transmission of impulses along nerves, for which he shared the Nobel prize in 1936.

Other such creation has stemmed from dreams: one of the most interesting examples occurred in the late nineteenth century when Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania deciphered an Assyrian cuneiform inscription upon a broken clay cylinder that had defied analysis up to then. Some of the great composers are said to have derived themes in dreams on occasion. Coleridge's account of the genesis of "Kubla Khan" is in this tradition; and the fateful appearance of the man from Porlock is testimony to the evanescence of the stuff as dreams are made on. But how meager the crop when we consider the lushness of the material! There is good evidence that each of us dreams every night. If this is so, man is proceeding along in his usual, improvident way.

After Aristotle and Plato, and before Freud, dreams made little sense. The particular nonsense that attracted attention was on the side of portent and prediction. Such insight into dreams as has become available is utilized by the relatively few. The dream is a part of living that is ignored. Keeping before us the experiences of Stevenson, Coleridge, Kekule and Loewi, it is conceivable that exploitation of this by-product might be useful not only in the resolution of the ills of patients and in attempting to understand behavior in general. Dreams seem also a promising approach to the now poorly understood nature of the creative process.

As we are unknowing about our creation, the dream, so to

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some degree are the great poets, writers, artists and composers about the meaning of their own unique creations. What they can achieve is to "remove the watchers from the gates of intelligence," as Schiller so beautifully put it, and bring us splendors likely to be residing in some degree—dormant but not unprovocative—in the minds of many a lesser mortal. The streamy nature of association uncurbed and unruddered by thought wells up with constancy in a Coleridge, a Shakespeare or a Stevenson, while ours walks in darkness. They attend to it; we do not. And in their work of revision, they bring to bear a superior intellect that tempers the creation. We ordinary people have found no comparable uses for these streamy meanderings that visit us mainly in the night; perhaps there are none.

Like many another genius, Stevenson was able to share with us the fruits of his fertile mind. These harvests demand inquiring curiosity and critical thought; as wildest dreams they are preludes that may or may not lead to truth. In *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* Stevenson recovered his dream story and reworked it so provocatively that, like some other writers and poets, he is considered to have been in advance of the great sanitarians of the mind.

Most everybody has heard of Stevenson's tale about the dichotomy resident in each of us. Edward Hyde, the prime mover in the story, is the embodiment of evil; loathsome and ape-like, he evokes hate at first sight, although sighting him is most unusual. Hyde's alter ego, the admirable Dr. Henry Jekyll, is a Fellow of the Royal Society, an eminently successful and respected physician, handsome, wealthy, with a string of degrees attached to his name including, besides the medical, a Doctor of Laws and a Doctorate of Civil Law, all of which, it might be presumed, would have allowed him to know himself. But such was not the case. In 1885, when the story was written, no degree carried with it much hope of enlightenment about the self.

The emergence of the satanic Hyde under the guise of medical research by the good Dr. Jekyll and the eventual loss of control of the former by the latter have become legend. Their destruction was inevitable in those early Darwinian times when the fit sur-

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vived and there wasn't much to be done about those born less fit. Jekyll's researches into the mind's function are said to be "unscientific balderdash" and Jekyll is "wrong in mind," according to his surgeon friend, Dr. Hastie Lanyon. In retrospect I believe we would term his researches an interesting and needful prelude.

In attempting to find the truth behind these preludes, considerable study has gone into such problems as Stevenson lays before us. We no longer doubt that we are made as Dr. Jekyll and that our behavior is apt to contain Hyde-like vagaries. Human behavior is never quite predictable, mainly because the unseen Hyde, as Stevenson says, "never sleeps and constantly growls for license." While our ability to predict behavior may not have improved since Stevenson's time, we have advanced in our ability to understand the manner in which we have behaved, and in the opportunity to do something about it. "Life can only be understood backward, but it must be lived forward," said Kierkegaard. Stevenson tells us little about Jekyll's history prior to his maturity. We know that he is a prosperous bachelor of fifty and that he was wild when he was young. But as Stevenson had the lawyer Utterson remark in his soliloquy about Jekyll's past, as it bore on his present tribulations, "in the law of God there is no statute of limitations." It would appear, therefore, that Stevenson felt there could be no release from the past, particularly if the past was inadequately considered or vaguely understood.

Stevenson hadn't much use for Hyde, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the culture of 1885 had no evident uses for him. In Stevenson's day no better solution for the lively Mr. Hyde was to be had than to do away with him, a method reminiscent of the handling of some of our modern Hydes. Book learning still doesn't cut much of a figure in the presence of the preternatural Hyde. However, convert him into a cadaver and it is remarkable how readily he becomes manageable. Here is the main issue, as a contemporary psychiatrist Bertram D. Lewin has pointed out: some of us prefer to work with a live and even a lively subject; others would have him completely out of the way. There are, of course, intermediate positions between these extremes.

A close examination of the lively Edward Hyde at this later

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day will reveal that he has many qualities that we could wish for ourselves. He is strong and contemptuous of danger; he can be direct and vigorous; his faculties are sharp; he is completely lacking the dissemblance so crippling to ordinary man. Among his endowments is that of being able to arouse the doctor to do his bidding even in the dead of night, no mean feat in itself. In disaster he maintains a certain equanimity. There is no beating about the bush with Mr. Hyde; you know where you stand with him. Get in his way and he takes steps to go around you or, if necessary, over you—conduct sanctioned in some eminently successful men if we can believe their biographers. Mr. Hyde prefers to be abroad by night, as does the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and as do dreams. Released by the censor, he commits his vigorous predations when the coast is relatively clear, as with the action in dreams. Again like dreams, he is glimpsed by few. He handles troublesome situations forthrightly and with dispatch; this trait is also reminiscent of dream activity.

A patient who has engaged his own Hyde suggests that Stevenson's story should be reworked to indict Jekyll rather than Hyde as the villain. With his personal experience as touchstone, he arrives at the reasonable conclusion that Hyde never had a chance. He was handled as a monster, repressed and in chains, as illustrated in the summary uttered by Jekyll that "my devil had long been caged, he came out roaring." As far as the data take us, Hyde seems to be a prime case of character warping.

"The more a thing knows its own mind," said Samuel Butler, "the more living it becomes." Jekyll's researches into mind were spectacular but contributed little to an understanding of it. Like some of the flamboyant experiments with mind in our time, they are quite startling, but leave no one the wiser. Jekyll's manipulations are of the order that do things to man rather than with him; they are authoritarian in nature and accordingly ignore or bypass his creative possibilities. Rather than foster more living by knowing, in the sense of Samuel Butler, they encourage helplessness and passivity; one is done for or to, rather than with.

But as is usual, the unknowing victim, Jekyll in this case,

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readily developed the derivations of his disquiet that we know as symptoms—the same symptoms that have become so ubiquitous in our time. Take insomnia for example: even a doze would suffice to bring the alter-ego Hyde on the scene. By remaining awake one may guard against the evil, the raging hell within. To sleep, then, is to tempt the emergence of all-powerful devils—all-powerful in the proportion that one is weak, or as sickly as Stevenson, or as unknowing as poor Jekyll. As we have learned since, such symptoms as insomnia are a sad substitute for understanding, although the victim usually prefers them to the look within. Symptoms pervert all useful function. Energy is drained into sustaining them, and malfunction, if not disintegration, is the inevitable outcome.

Stevenson goes to some trouble to impress upon us the reaction of the few who had caught glimpses of Hyde: *disgust, loathing* and *fear* are the strong words that he uses. Hyde evoked the desire to kill at first sight, a revulsion not unlike that evinced in even the highest medical circles later in the nineteenth century when glimpses were beginning to be afforded of the unconscious life of man, some of them through dreams. Today it is reasonably said that nothing provokes such fear as one's unconscious. For what other reason is it that we would have inward peace, but will not look within? "The more obscure and unintelligible man's world (including his own inner world)," said Walther Riese, "the more likely he feels threatened by the forces of nature, whether he experiences them in his surrounding, animate or not, or in his own body; thus, the more critical and the more precarious his existence. To be free from fear and malaise implies to a large extent to be free from ignorance."

Utterson, Jekyll's friend and lawyer, thought that if he could but behold the features of the real Hyde, the mystery of him might lighten, and perhaps be dissipated altogether "as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined." Stevenson is urging us to examine the thing that is dreaded although it occasion disgust, loathing, fear and even murderous impulses—feelings that can be controlled if we will become aware of their nature.

In Stevenson's day the way to health for Jekyll was in dissocia-

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tion from his alter-ego Hyde, since no other method to unburden the one of the other had been devised. Stevenson noted correctly, to be sure, that the more either was exercised, the stronger it became and assumed the ascendancy. Much that has been said since Stevenson about the constitution of a personality, or its reconstituting, has derived largely from fright and ignorance of the manner in which the mind works. Since 1885 we should have learned that the goal to strive for is a proper integration of the various facets of a personality. The modern alternative is usually between authoritarian methods, the doctor doing *for* or *to* his patient, as opposed to those that would recognize internal strengths and utilize them, the doctor working *with* his patient. Every thoughtful attempt at fostering the integrative process has as its touchstone the unobtrusive awarding of measured freedom or exercise, whether in the developing child, the student, or the confused personality trying to become well. As far as I know, no knowledgable authority wants to foster irresponsible license. But it is in the hard work of trying to help human beings become more knowing, and accordingly more responsible, that things get out of hand. One is never sure of the road ahead, and not always of the road at hand for that matter; it is not lined with guideposts to keep the faithful in line. The best guide in this treacherous territory is the matured use of the self, including a proper curiosity and humility.

In any examination of the psychological process one cannot avoid the always difficult concept of human responsibility. In such problems it is only the naïve who want simple answers. "Answer yes or no," demands old father antic the law, all the while propounding questions of the utmost complexity about human behavior. Human responsibility is a profoundly complex function, its definition always transcending the simple "yes or no." Certainly it is reasonable that society holds sane men responsible for their actions, although they cannot help being as they are and doing what they do. While the ability to answer for one's conduct varies from person to person, and from time to time in the same person, some sort of instinctive human decency has to be relied on in the

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main. The problem hinges on the method to develop and foster this decency.

In Stevenson's day this was believed to depend on such unreal absolutes as free will, justice and impartiality. We now see that no human values have any sanction in the world of brute fact. But behavior should be guided as if human ideals matter in the universe, and we must abide by rules which give form and beauty to life. Without any wish to destroy the illusions by which man lives or to diminish their value, they must be distinguished from actualities. One of the first duties of the intelligent human being is not to be duped, but to become aware of his world. There will be times when he will have to act on hypotheses, uncertainties and downright fictions, but let him know what he is doing all the while he plays the game with a good heart.

Every authority on behavior—including the Delphic Oracle, Plato, the Bible, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Cervantes, the poets and today's enlightened sociologist and psychiatrist—has reiterated "know thyself" as the best means to achieve Plato's mark of an educated man: that he should be able, and above all that he should always be willing, to see things as they are. With Albert Jay Nock we can believe that the conscious exclusion of reality is a distinct failure in integrity, a moral failure. Several centuries before Christ, Plato warned about the madness and misery of one who uses the appearance of things as a measure of their reality and makes a mess of it.

It was to this knotty problem that Stevenson addressed himself three-quarters of a century ago, in the working out of his dream fantasy. He had the lawyer Mr. Utterson attempt to lessen the mystery of Hyde by seeking him out and confronting him to try to "know" him. Utterson seemed utterly baffled by the experience. But if we listen carefully to Stevenson's lucid and graceful undertones, we catch hints that his psychological insights were considerably ahead of the times:

> Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any namable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of

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timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering, and somewhat broken voice: all these were points against him, but not all of these together would explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? . . ."

Surely in this day, whenever a Hyde rears an ugly head, the challenge needs to be joined and the thing examined with our very best will, minds, energy and tools to try to learn its meaning. Turning away from it will no longer do; time has run out on this quaint custom. That the analysis can never be complete, since knowledge is never complete, doubters will chant in attempting to delay the action that they fear. Kant's definition of faith, whose infinite variety custom never stales, is an antidote of sorts to those who would wait until the technique be perfected: "Again and again it is necessary to take a decision of the basis of knowledge sufficient for action but insufficient to satisfy the intellect." When we know what we are about—or have tried to know—the next step is to determine as best we may where it belongs in the on-going culture, to try to use and not waste its vitalities, its strengths and its constructs. This, it seems to me, is the essence of responsibility.

Despite his eventual solution for the evil and lively Hyde, Stevenson betrays a certain fascination for him. Hyde's spirits were always higher, sharper, more acute than Jekyll's, and it appears that so was his love of life. In their day Jekyll and Hyde were coheirs to death; they were irrevocably oriented toward destruction despite any love of life. Deep, blind, primitive compulsions that bypassed consciousness drew them nearer and nearer to the verge of death. These forces, usually neglected and about which we are therefore unknowing, drag along such persons as Jekyll to premature destruction. Theirs is a drift toward tragedy. Stevenson said of this force ". . . that what was dead and had no shape should usurp the offices of life."

Jekyll was frequently sunk in apathy, almost depression; he

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had little zest for life and seemed bored by his deadly round. His was, he said, "an aversion to the dryness of a life of study." Today we can better understand Jekyll's method of stimulating his listless spirit, which is described in a line toward the end of the story: "With a transport of glee I mauled the unresisting body [Jekyll's own], tasting delight with every blow . . . ."

While Stevenson had glimmerings that strength, vigor and spirit were on the side of Hyde, he saw no constructive way in which they could be tapped. Indeed, in 1885 there was none. In the late ninteenth century these were waste products buried in the manifest personality, and there was no way to get to them. They were then about as hidden from man as was the force in the atom, and potentially as destructive. Our tools for working these deposits have improved, among them the analysis of dreams, an exquisite although highly subtile instrument.

Stevenson took the tack, perhaps poetic license, perhaps autobiographical and surely timely, that there was no resolution of the problem but death and oblivion. This remains a prevailing breeze, and it hardly matters in what quarter one is standing. Our current Hydes—junior and senior delinquents, beatniks, Communists, obscene literature, and even dreams—too frequently are given the now outmoded treatment of suppression. It is difficult to convey the fact that what is suppressed retains its full force. Indeed, suppression may stimulate a swelling of the energy.

We need constantly to be reminded that mystery will lighten and perhaps be dissipated altogether when it is competently examined. This does not guarantee resolution, but it is the starting point of any real investigation motivated by a genuine desire to find out. This requires hard work, even bravery. The search for truth is, and always has been, a subversive activity, says Professor Edmund S. Morgan, and scholars have learned that they cannot engage in it without an occasional fight. Also, sweat and tears are more difficult to mobilize when we are immersed in the lately uneasy state of peace, in times when exploitation tends to become a law of conduct second only to self-preservation.

The fearful cannot be allowed to restrain our explorations;

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they would prefer to have us about as circumscribed and restrained as Jekyll sometimes had Hyde. Naturally enough, they are troubled by such manifestations as a searching curiosity or dreams, and they refuse to be responsible for them. They act as though dreams were inspired by alien spirits. They find it impossible to believe that as people become more knowing they become more responsible. Since they have no real faith in themselves, they find everyone untrustworthy. With our uneasy friends, acquiescence in their nostalgic way of life puts their fears temporarily at rest, while an active exploration of the truth arouses their anxiety. They are satisfied with things as they are, with their prerogatives.

There isn't one of the feared, loathed and hated groups or concepts—our Hydes—that does not contain strengths, if we have the curiosity, the wit, the courage and the energy to search them out and to temper them. Alexander Pope in a single line in his great poem, "An Essay on Man," notes that "All partial Evil, [is] universal Good," an example of the wonderfully casual preludes to truth dredged up from the subconscious of genius.

So the resolution of the Jekyll-Hyde dilemma is not repression or suicide or death, which in any of their derivations is a quick way out, but rather the cultivation and harvest of the strengths and constructions—the by-products, if you will—of the partial evil. Here is the work to separate men from boys; faint hearts need not apply. These are among the modern uses of psychiatry. That psychiatry is not a panacea, the jackals who howl after it will remind us. If my thesis is correct, jackals too have their uses. So do faint hearts, but not in the work of pioneering. Perhaps theirs is the chore to keep each of us properly humble.

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On the Beat Nature of Beat

FRANK A. BUTLER

THESE BEATNIKS ARE RIGHT about a few things: the world is a tough place for art and artists; materialism is largely a damned shame; politics are hard on the nerves; revolt is fun.

I suppose it is easy enough to suck a kind of non-life from such aged lemons. I have known many a misled sensitivity to go sour in squeezing out one of sorts. But art is made of sterner stuff than whines and jargon, and it is hardly nurtured by the sentimental, the lazy and the naïve.

It is too bad that the Beat Generation is this absurd and that it is this conventional. There is always room for honest fury, whether high art or not. Noncomformism and impertinent nonsense have always had their gadfly place, although only when specific, and only when articulate. But the elusive strength of individual vision is not to be found among the flotsam of Greenwich Village and San Francisco's North Beach. Indeed, its absence is the surest proof that the Beat Generation was truly beaten before it began.

I would be sympathetic if I could. When face to face with the man himself—hipster or hobo, adman or Adventist—it had better be hard not to be sympathetic. Across the coffee shop table from some pathetic and limited escapist, as on a visit with your bland old uncle, you have to avoid the facile labels or go under in some comparably vacant fashion yourself. But I do not believe that it is mockery of human beings to try to destroy the pretense that the Beat Generation represents a movement of any artistic validity whatsoever.

✪ Two years ago FRANK BUTLER and his family moved to Mexico, where, he reports, "I have managed to do nothing in this world but write as I wish to write."

Mr. Butler's stories have appeared in the Martha Foley collections of 1957 and 1959. He is now completing his first novel, *Amid a Place of Stone*, a section of which will soon appear in the *Hudson Review*.

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I think I understand what is eating them. I am their contemporary; we have sought and feared and lost much the same things. We even agree on superficialities. It is in the more active depths, those of discovery, where we differ, and where I am incensed.

I fled the home town in 1947. I had despised high school for three years, its teachers, teams, dating customs and, without realizing it, its diseased attitude toward education. The home town itself, I sensed, had little to do with me. And so I hitchhiked the states without aim; nights I walked my Wolfean streets, and summers I dug my traditional ditches. Off and on for the next ten years I piddled about New York cold-water flats, fooling with dreams and love, attempting and failing to become a student and perhaps a teacher, and, of course, finding Good Jobs to walk out on in a few weeks or months, each time terrified of what *it* might do to me.

None of this was very original, and I soon met my compatriots of the foul circumstance. But I could never yield to their hung-up world; to join their club and adopt their passwords was to accept their pit. Some obtuse pride kept me free, and some old arrogance kept me even optimistic—toward myself, which was all I could afford to worry about in those days. It was a matter of my survival, and simply by coming to know these others for what they were, that became no problem at all.

Dissatisfaction might lead to construction, sane or hysterical adjustment, or merely to deeper dissatisfaction. I wanted to write, and finally I did. It was no noble decision, although I tried to believe so. The ignoble failures at the demands of ordinary life were also hard at work in my choice. In another age such dissatisfaction might have led to political or even to adventurous expression. But our last frontiers these days are art and science, and science, alas, is no longer free.

I found that writing was how I could most be myself and whatever I was likely to become. Once I accepted this as a necessity—which took the usual years of attempting one schizoid self or the other—I learned that I was alone, within a self too volatile to be contained without creative labor, and that I was stuck there, once

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and for all. There was no longer a choice, if there really ever had been. This was where I was and where I could only hope I belonged. I suspect that our time makes this aloneness a fundamental demand of any writer. It was not and it is not easy. But why in the world should it be?

My first writing was largely tenacity in the face of failure, of ignorance of the youthful sort, and the old temptation of the pay check. I had scorned creative writing outfits, and I had an irrational disdain for others who were supposed to be young writers. But until I did learn just how to twist a portion of myself down on paper, the sheer work at least gave me some perspective toward those incessant talkers up and down MacDougall Street in Greenwich Village.

It became clear to me that for these a dissatisfaction very similar to my own had led only to talk, to endless parties and feuds, and to personal incompetency toward the simplest demands of life. I have never known so many people with so much time at their disposal. I have never known such panic at the thought of privacy, such frenetic fear of being caught alone. Totally without the concept of responsibility, life had become for them one continuous adolescent indulgence.

This was a long time ago, as time goes in my life. Initially charmed by the easy totality of their alienation, the very luxury of their petulant clubbiness, I became ever more repulsed by the lax self-pity that waste itself seemed to engender in each of them. Eventually the bohemian romance became tarnished by the grubby facts of self-shattered lives, and, at last, I came to mere pity. It no longer mattered that the poetry shoved upon me was barely literate, the prose sprawling and empty, the abstract paintings without character or control. By then I expected nothing but truculent trash, and to this day I have found very little else. But I recognized a fragment of myself, and of us all, in their purposeful destruction, and I wanted to seek it out, so that I might use it one day as I chose.

Communication was still there. From Bird Parker's jazz to the pathos of the New Outcast, we could agree upon the anti-human forces that had added such precarious forms of beauty and despair

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to our staggering world. Whenever a fellow said to me, "Man, I can't make it," I knew what he meant. But I also knew that I could, or that I would die trying; words such as "disengagement" irritated me. Finally, I did not believe that any youth in good health had the right to make such a statement. And I did say "right." For does any sane man pretend that free will entirely nullifies responsibility? The beatnik actually does. Ask one. "Sanity" is for him just another vicious word invented by squares to persecute the cool.

Yet these are important people to me, or I would not be writing this, as a plea to a few of them, at least, to return to life. Yes, I admit that I have persons in mind. They are so many, after all, and they each represent some good gone fruitlessly wrong. The listless morons among them—and, literally, there are many—do not matter here. Too many bright youngsters certainly have not "made it" for the Beat Generation, as a group of people, to be a sneering matter. Some amusement at their spurious art movement is as normal as toward the shallows of Soviet art. But it would be foolhardy to ignore their assumptions. For as pure, negative existence, the beatnik is as alarming a creature in American life as the duck-tailed delinquent. Indeed, the former is no more than an intellectualized version of the latter. Laughter alone could never do them in.

The beatnik, or more aptly here the hipster, relishes the popular confusion between himself and the jazz artist. Why shouldn't he? His lingo is lifted from jazz as well as from the underworld, and he is as likely to play with bongo drums as to be a petty thief (a fact that the group's middle-aged mother hens prefer to ignore in their defensive articles). But the hipster is typically untalented in jazz or crime—except as, say, a basement hobbyist. In fair fact, the beatnik does not often claim talent except in literature, which is the easiest art to fake, requiring the minimum of formal training. But on the whole, even the beatnik poetic poseur represents a rare compromise with his own creed of absolute disengagement.

The beatnik is not then a phony in the usual sense of that understandably popular epithet. He is usually much too indifferent to effort of any sort to put forth a really convincing front of fakery. He is more the imitator of attitudes than effects. And it is jazz and literature that are the principal sources of his attitudes.

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Bird's music was sad and elegant, yet of a wild joy in its creation that was somehow as pure as its sweet despair, and as honest. Like Dylan Thomas, or any great artist, he was a phenomenon. But also like Thomas, he makes an apt hero for anyone more concerned with the emotional life of the man than with the art of the artist. For art implies individuality of a sort so stark that all Togetherness must be left behind.

To appreciate such geniuses as these with any comprehension beyond the banal should imply an ability to appreciate others of comparable gifts. But the beatnik dares not see that Dylan Thomas' poetry is no less controlled than that of A. E. Housman. In his tastes he is as limited as your grandmother. He too has his comfortable heroes, and he wants no bugging standards of quality—much less of tradition or learning—to interfere with either the simple idiocy of his response to them or his lazy dismissal of all others. In place of that quality the beatnik reader is stuffed fat-brained and fat-hearted by sentimentality—I call it unearned emotion—in all its dreary and turgid forms.

Now there is nothing wrong with this, as far as it goes. If Dylan Thomas or Mrs. Lindbergh is the only poet who has meaning for a man, or if Bird Parker, or Pat Boone's croons for that matter, makes Mozart unnecessary for him, so be it. One must attempt a tolerant shrug, swallow his tirade, and go his own way. But art without form or originality is a flat contradiction. Whenever limited standards of any sort become rampant among those who presume to call themselves poets or writers, human exchange itself is threatened. It then becomes time for a twentieth-century *Dunciad* to hurl them into that very oblivion which they crave. (I wish Auden would try it!) For even when the beatnik scrawls out his gummy poems, he scorns the effort it takes to say a thing well. Even at that most sacred task he continues to reject the tools of the ages, the accumulated skill and wisdom of man.

It is not then that little of worth has been produced by the Beat Generation, but rather that the means are clearly not there. Nothing could be sillier than that naïve try at literary liberalism which says, "Well, at least something's going on, and *that's* good." This is error. For no good can come of such a self-limiting world. These

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are rebels without a cause if ever there were any. They have nothing new to say, and, what is far worse, they poorly reiterate that nothing.

From Milton to Blake to Thomas himself, the poetic innovator has been a master of that very voice which he seeks to change. Ginsberg's "Howl" is by this measure only a shrill yap—Walt Whitman multiplied by Jean Genet and divided to a fraction by the personality of a masturbatory child. If Mr. Ginsberg were nineteen, his wild venom might be of hopeful interest. But he is thirty-odd, and my bet is that his future is merely to become the North Beach Maxwell Bodenheim of 1985.

The story is little better in beat prose, although Jack Kerouac is a writer surpassing all the other beatnik literati put together. Throughout *On The Road,* at least, the humor and objectivity of a real writer lighten his dreary, one-track confessional. Kerouac is here no more "a hipster being himself" than Marilyn Monroe's comedy is merely "acting natural like the dumb blonde she is." No art works this way. Kerouac's prose might sound pretty silly out of context, but within this one work it often meets the supreme test of carrying off that context with astonishing success. This is a matter of knowing when to use the hip talk, when to damper it, and when to toss it out altogether—frequently all in one paragraph. He does have that much control (even though he dutifully denies it). But his talent extends no further, nor shall it, I fear, so long as a somewhat inspired gush is sufficient for him, and such concerns as characterization, structure and conflict are deemed irrelevant. This is why judging the Beat Generation by its very best, which is only fair, still leaves no hope of any future maturity of expression. That very phrase, being antinihilistic, would make the true beatnik fuss and fume and flip.

A random issue of the *Evergreen Review* should suffice for typical utterances. In a rambling poem by Frank O'Hara, a poet not entirely without a meager derivative talent, there are such lines (stanzas? paragraphs?) as:

. . . Beards growing, and the constant anxiety over looks. I'll shave before she wakes up. Sam Goldwyn spent $2,000,000 on Anna Sten,

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but Grushenka left America. One of me is standing in the waves, an ocean bather, or I am naked with a plate of devils at my hip.

Something going on? I submit that this is balderdash, and that there is nothing else to say about it.

In a pettish memoir about El Paso there are these two sentences: "Because only geographically the Rio Grande, which in the Southwest is a river only part of the time and usually just a stretch of sand along the banks of which sick spiders weave their webs, divides the United States from Mexico. Only geographically." I submit that this is incompetent (as well as uninformed); an expository article is not the place to play Faulkner—or someone—and in this case "only geographically" is repeated simply because the writer senses that the reader has surely forgotten his point by the end of the tortuous statement. Here and there the same writer attempts straight writing and his skill-less pretension to narrative becomes clear in his dependence for originality upon such weary tricks as "youngmen" and "sadfaced," "Theyre" and "wasnt"—the trivial fishbones of the twenties. Also, in a translation of a seventh-century description of a Chinese poet are these sentences: "His face and body were old and beat. Yet in every word he breathed was a meaning in line with the subtle principle of things, if only you thought about it deeply." I submit that this is North Beach bird-brain mysticism and not a translation from the Chinese at all.

In a recorded poem by one Lawrence Ferlinghetti (a beatnik businessman and promoter) about a statue of St. Francis in San Francisco, complete with propping progressive chords and a reiterated swipe from Keats, is the wistful description of a passing nude, "Wearing only a very small bird's nest in a very existential place." Is it any wonder that such retarded adolescents have found no audience but themselves?

There is such fine unintentional comedy throughout the works of the beatnik coterie. The greater absurdity would be only in taking the works themselves seriously.

I suppose there is no reason why the *Evergreen Review* should not give space to these people if it wishes. It is a handsome and varied magazine for all this garbage, and perhaps more purpose-

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fully controversial than adulatory in these unfortunate publications. This same issue includes a lucid essay on Zen by Daisetz Suzuki, an excellent translation from the French by Richard Howard, and a decent first story about two boys hunting a porcupine and their night's lesson of charity. There is no need to fret about editors; they know well enough that they stand or fall by what they print. The question is in the fearful choice, and it is up to each editor to make his own.

It is forever axiomatic among the untalented, unpublished and unread that the publishing industry is a racket run by Presbyterians born between 1820 and 1870 who despise ability and who pervert it whenever they are able—that, in short, it is the rest of the literary world that is a clique. In *New World Writing 11*, Kenneth Rexroth, amidst such quaint words as "reactionary" and "underground," seriously accuses literary America of "a conspiracy of bad poetry" since about 1930—approximately, I take it, when Mr. Rexroth entered upon his literary career.

I only hope that the editors of *New World Writing* were as amused as their readers at Mr. Rexroth's advice that we read Parker Tyler, Denise Levertov, Charles Olson and himself—appalling derivatives of Ezra Pound, Whitman or W. C. Williams, every one, and none worth one sweet line of Theodore Roethke, Donald Hall, Edgar Bowers or—to name a relative unknown—Edward Field.

The great influence other than that of Pound, Whitman and Williams is, of course, Japanese poetry, which thus far has only proved the extreme difficulty of mastering a tone quite alien to that of one's own language and tradition. I have no doubt that this is in itself an inevitable and salutary development. But when such achievement arrives it will come from a more profound sensitivity than one absorbed by the clubby superficialities of West Coast Zen. Playing a role among admirers might make one look and feel poetic, but discovering the voice of the poet is rather a matter of solitary absorption. After all, it took the lonely Yeats, not a communal Pre-Raphaelite, to restore magic to its high place in poetry.

The trouble is not only that the beatnik resides in a cave of narrow emotional and intellectual dimensions, but that he is com-

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fortable there only with the filthy furniture of arrogance and hatred. It is this violence and this dirt, rather than the foolish works or people themselves, which enrage me. Here pity—a feeling applicable to the human spirit or to animals—seems misapplied.

A genuine avant-garde (which seems of no earthly use to most of us today anyway) must by its nature be belligerent, but it is always primarily original. It is the very thinness of the beatnik critique that makes ludicrous the need for any general critique of American letters at all, and it is its essential obscenity that gives its sole motive—terror—quite away. For the beatnik is driven by nothing so much as a stark fear of life in all its challenging complexity and in all its infinite forms—including, for that matter, literature itself. He is thus the only doubter that this is as healthy an age as any artist could desire so far as activity and variety are concerned. Perhaps a few writers long for the static haze of some Golden Age, but only the beatnik craves the perverse anarchy of a junky's dream world.

Yet Mr. Rexroth finds it necessary to scream exactly like a third-rate poet at literary quarterlies, creative writing groups, poetry workshops and—you guessed it—*Time*. In each case he demonstrates that his is a myopic condition.

He beats up on John Crowe Ransom and company as though all writers who do not hang out at the City Lights Bookshop in San Francisco's bohemia still hide dusty little New Criticism shrines under their bookshelves. Now just how dated can you get? By the time I knew what was going on, the consensus was that this skirmish was long concluded and that the valuable tools of the New Critics, without their various pedantic lapses, had already been absorbed. Who's angry now? Only Mr. Rexroth, the beatnik oracle. The rest of us, young and old, realize that considerable good was done by the New Critics along with the bad and that probably nothing at all would have come of their particular efforts without the dry force of a certain academic stress. Even pedantry may have a value exceeding that of nincompoopery.

It is no news that the quarterlies run the danger of stuffiness. Indeed, a *Partisan Review* table of contents often sounds like a

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parody of itself. Some of the lesser university reviews are so thick with mythological unravelings as to sound like Jesuit schoolmen debating the angels and pin-head trick. But, after all, the dullest scholarship, when accurate, plays its legitimate role, and when it is merely foolish, who in the world cares? *Partisan*, for example, has published an enviable list of sound work, both creative and critical, over the years, while consistently representing a clear point of view of active social engagement. Now, it so happens that this point of view rather bores me as a cause, but the reason I respect it is not so much that there are people who do believe in such self-conscious participation, but that by any standard at all the *Partisan* attitude is intelligent, particular and useful.

Of far greater importance than these quibbles is that *Partisan* is evidently far more interested in publishing, as often as possible, such a major young writer as James Baldwin than the cautious essays of any English instructor. I feel sure that if there were a Baldwin among the Beat Generation he would have the good sense to submit to *Partisan*, or to any of the better quarterlies, rather than to, say, *Origin*, and that he would find in these attentive offices a happy reception.

For the point is that these editors are literate people. They are not cultish at all. After all, they have grown up with the age and are learning right along with everybody else. Talk to a few of them and you will hear ready agreements to "Too much criticism; poetry's chill as stone; fiction's dry"—and a wry request for work that is not. They know better than anyone that fiction and poetry are being too much written in the universities and that much of it must suffer that inevitable prissy influence. They do feel, however, that this situation provides no argument for turning utter junk loose upon the world. Like the rest of us, they wait for the sure works to emerge, and do the best they can with what comes in.

Hudson Review and its editor, Frederick Morgan, have done as much for me as a young writer could hope for from any publication. I have never heard a word of academic advice from Mr. Morgan. Indeed, he is no more the type to give it than I. Instead, I have been favored by the sort of harsh talk that helps and the sort

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of specific respect that comes only from those who know and care. I do not like all of *Hudson*'s essays or poetry or fiction; nor have I been asked to join a club that would swear such foolishness of me.

It should not be necessary to point out, in this personal manner, that the only conspiracy in literary America, from the quarterlies to book publishers and even to the slicks, in their admittedly commercial way, is for good writing. True, everyone makes mistakes. *Playboy*, for one example, is frankly riding the beatnik fad for all it is worth in undergraduate circulation. But the blitherings of the beatniks would have one believe that anyone who has been to college or who loves beauty in literature is as subversive to art as Madison Avenue. One is asked, in effect, to condemn the passing poetic trickeries and slick fictional genres as somehow dangerous, to attack with furious pamphlets the dishwater prose and pale meters of the academies, and to tear into the adman malignancies as though anyone of sense paid them serious attention. And this request comes from the palest talents and most fanatic faddists—and by far the most talented self-publicists—of them all. To these I answer, "Well, man, I couldn't make it with the schools and Madison Avenue either, but I think it's O.K. for a writer to go to Harvard—or even Oxford—if he still writes good—you know, man—cool."

As for the creative writing centers and poetry workshops (alas, I am one with the lowliest beatnik in despising *that* word): no one but a dean, maybe, would pretend that any classroom could fashion a literary master from a daydreaming sophomore. Perhaps these groups do some good; perhaps, in the long run, very little. I am thankful that I never fell into one while starting out, but why make an issue out of that? Such outfits as Paul Engle's Iowa Center fill a harmless, fashionable demand at worse; at best, they might help some worthy youth along. Again, why fret? Not one could possibly do injury to real talent, simply because nothing in this world ever has.

Nor is even *Time* quite the devil the bohemians make out, beatniks and elite sympathizers alike. The bright boys in Rockefeller Center are quite capable of spotting unique literary value,

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and for all their lively sins have a better record at it than just about any other popular publication, excepting, perhaps, that nasty old enemy countess, the *New Yorker*.

Time, by the way, has paid serious attention to the young English writers, Angry or not, I take it, simply because beneath their revolt against the Establishment (as lovely a new word as I know!) they yet seek to make sense out of that bewildering new England of theirs. For Osborne and Amis and Braine are still dealing with the world of coping and integrity, the eternal issues of character and ideals. Their crudity, or their ultimate value, is thus here beside any point at all, for it is their insistence upon rage-as-process that places them squarely in the mainstream of today's literature.

There has been considerable haggling these last years over whether revolt or conservatism should be the order of the day. I say "haggling" because such a distinction is critical rather than artistic. It is not an active question to any true artist—even a Joyce—while he is at work. From the classical Nabokov to the labyrinthine Beckett, the good writer knows that his success depends not upon his technique but how much he knows what to do with it.

For myself, as I have implied, experimentalism for its own sake holds little interest. Not today. Those wars against the Victorian barriers seem as distant from our concerns as Hastings. Nothing could be more irrelevant to the world-wide barriers of the heart than Mr. Rexroth's outrageous blather that the avant-garde must go on, come what may. Perhaps it would be a different story if the Beat Generation did indeed represent an avant-garde of any consequence rather than a derriere-garde of only casual and negative interest. For the movement serves no purpose commensurate with that human condition in which we all forever move, suffer and dream. Revolt or conservatism? These are abstractions; the issue feasts on air. For if the proof is, as I have said, forever in the pudding, it does not appear probable that the Beat Generation shall ever bake an edible one.

Our age demands something more than alleyway feuding; the times are entirely too rough for playing the games of the mannerists. Literary ranting is not needed so much as literate wisdom, and

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beatnik bathos becomes a clear crime when compassion is so demanded by the awful circumstance of our grave day. It is time to catch up with fifty years of technique and bring literature back to the depths of the mind, and of the heart. This is being done by those who consider experimentalism to be an out-dated luxury whose monuments were probably ultimate of their type, by those who know—with Joyce *or* Dickens—that the central problem of literature is forever moral, and one not likely to be elucidated by the gibble-gabble of rear-guard eccentrics. One suspects that the beatnik would allow Dostoevsky to share the pantheon with Henry Miller, Genet and Pound only because he was also a rebellious fellow. Left as square would be that blazing moral core of *The Brothers Karamazov,* or the ethical tragedy of Raskolnikov.

We see the costumes, we hear the talk, suffer the intolerance, the pose and the fury of the rebel, but where is the rage-as-process? The beatnik battle is waged by an anti-intellectual, anti-artistic gang of sentimental dabblers and semi-criminal nihilists, devoted to destruction, motivated by pettiness, and equipped with mediocrity. It is waged against stilled controversy and passing fads; against obvious materialism and poor old politics; against mind and beauty in art, and against all life's learning and wisdom; against—oh, so furiously against!—the decent jerk in the street and anyone at all with hope.

In place of these universal conditions, these human values and their lapses, we are offered nothing by the Beat Generation but personal laxity and collective squalor, a Togetherness of filth and the solace of marijuana. Within this arrogantly grubby world, the thief is a hero, the hobo a saint, and the junky the Holy Ghost itself. Its mysticism is in reality a petulant romance; its sole activity the continual leisure of the sensualist.

The next Dante or Shakespeare will be the first genius to speak to the entire world, to East as well as West, and it will be the traditional values and complex understandings from which he shall surely speak, utilizing all that we have learned, in this collapsing century, for his construction of that inevitable bridge. It is no job for a Zen hobbyist, or for a mouther of anarchistic trash, or for a

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hophead enemy of mankind itself. No more is it for these than for a writer of hymns and Mom and milk. The danger from each is, I judge, about equal.

When the time is ripe, the needed job will be done. After all, it always has been. Until then, the John the Baptists prepare the ground as best they may, seeking sense amidst the irrational, searching out whatever good that the remnants of the West might salvage to lug into that shotgun marriage to come.

I am not discussing some One World Utopia, or even progress, neither of which I believe is within man's capacity. I mean nothing more than that art must make clear the same old business all over again once the race turns the next corner back upon itself, and that *that* will be a hard enough task for anyone. I do not believe that this is quite the work for hatred but for love, and rather less for fury than for thought; in short, that the writer's task today does not seem to be cut out for beatniks at all, but for artists.

"Wearing a bird's nest in a very existential place" indeed! May the Beat Generation dissolve into its froth, and may its members find something sane to do with themselves.

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The Dark Bird

RICHARD FREDE

The dark bird,
big
with a piece of the sky in his beak,
squats low within the air,
wings flapping violently,
and settles sternly down upon the fence,
remains quite still upon the fence,
still and motionless,
and stares across the field,
darkly,
at something only he can see.

I think he stares at God;
or at the origin of *is*;
and in that stare
there is the knowledge of an enemy.

✪ The author of two novels, *Entry E* and *The Interns*, RICHARD FREDE is now at work on another novel, a play and some poetry. This is his first published poem.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

During the three years just past I have spent a good deal of time on the Mexican peninsula of Baja California and have driven its unspeakable roads in a four-wheel-drive truck all the way from the United States border to the tropical Cape eight hundred miles south. Sociological observation was not my purpose, but one would have to shut one's eyes not to realize that here in this barren, very sparsely populated area immediately adjoining our own is a perfect antithesis to the American Way of Life: poor rather than rich, spread thin rather than crowded, lagging at the rear of technology and industrialization instead of leading the way toward greater and greater complexity. In the cold language of the economist the problem there is production, ours consumption. But in Baja the most casual observer quickly translates such abstractions into the concrete. There even minimal needs are hard to satisfy; in this country advertisers solemnly congratulate themselves upon their success in "creating needs." There, to revert again to abstraction, is an economy of almost unqualified scarcity; in the United States, there is one of almost unqualified abundance.

Because of that stark fact, men of Baja not only live differently and act differently, they also think and feel differently. Here we seek excuses to discard, replace and throw away. We are a little ashamed to use up or wear out; indeed, we are sometimes told that to do so is to threaten with disloyalty the very prosperity that makes it possible to have more than we need. But it will be a long time before the inhabitants of Baja are able to grasp even as an abstraction the concept of "psychological obsolescence." "Use up" and "make do" are more than merely necessary habits; they are moral injunctions. When some physical object can no longer serve the purpose for which it was first intended there is nearly always something else for which it can be used. The automobile that has been repaired until it can be repaired no more supplies spare parts for another one not quite so far gone and, indeed, may serve with gradually reduced efficiency in one vehicle after another. "Made" things return to the earth by a series of stages somewhat like those by which the body of a man, once the most complex of machines, is reduced step by step to simple inorganic chemicals. Similarly, machines, tools and even bottles and boxes disintegrate in Baja as they serve simpler and simpler uses. The hood of a no longer usable car becomes the roof of the lean-to or part of one side of a shack; the empty soup can grows an ornamental plant; the bottom of a broken bottle borders a flower bed; the discarded tire serves as the sole of a sandal and has become, I believe, an article of commerce.

A century ago the naturalist Xántus complained that he could find no boxes in which to ship his specimens because the few that turned up in Baja were quickly seized and made into furniture. Nor have times changed as much as one might expect. In the wilds near a small village I saw boys digging up our buried camp trash to salvage tin cans; and in La Paz itself the humbler housewives carefully avoid crushing the shells of the eggs they eat in order that these shells may be sold for an infinitesimal fraction of a cent to merchants who stuff them with confetti and then sell them again to the revelers at

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Mardi Gras who delight in breaking them over one another's heads. Why waste an eggshell at breakfast when it can be sold unbroken for a profit and then broken for fun?

In one of our own cities—even in most of our moderate-sized towns—one must be very stubbornly committed to progress as an unqualified good not to become aware that it exacts at least some penalties. On the other hand, and for the few romantic primitivists (if any remain) who have persuaded themselves that life in simple society is idyllic, Baja would serve admirably as a corrective. As every camper knows, the simple life can be very complicated, and the majority of the inhabitants of Baja, including perhaps most of even those in La Paz, live under conditions that the apartment dwellers in one of our cities would regard as so lacking in conveniences as to make "camping out" a reasonable description of such domestic arrangements.

One could, I suppose, make some sort of debater's case for the contention that, all things considered, the inhabitants of Baja have a better and a happier life than most citizens of the United States. It might be said that they are less rushed, less bedeviled by the longing for status, closer to nature and to the other fundamental realities. It could also be added that if we are no doubt too degenerately accustomed to our petty luxuries and conveniences to appreciate such things, nevertheless those who now live without them have not been so corrupted or, if you prefer to put it another way, have never known any better.

To enter into any such discussion seems to be hardly worth while. But it does seem worth while to ask if there is no choice except that suggested by an either/or, that is to say Baja versus the United States. Do we have to rest content with the simple assumption that while Baja has much to learn from us she, on the other hand, poses no questions that it might be worth our while to consider? Is there really no choice except that between overdevelopment and underdevelopment; between desperate scarcity and almost suffocating abundance; between a lack of tools and a tyranny of machines; between deprivation and surfeit? Is there no such thing as an optimum degree of mechanization, complexity and perhaps even of abundance? Is it simply a matter of how far we can go in the direction of a good that never pays diminishing returns or generates positive evils?

Supposing even that the answer to this question is that we are about to pass (if we have not already passed beyond) a definable optimum point. Is there then anything we can do about the situation? Are those right who say: "You must continually progress or regression is sure. There is no halfway house between the primitive and the complex. Ultimately, the choice must be between that economy of still more desperate scarcity into which Baja would decline if she, too, were not as progressive as she finds it possible to be, and that almost inconceivable wealth, complexity and mechanization that our own tomorrow will bring." Are we caught in a trap? Is it true that while industrialization makes a large population possible, it is also true that once this large population has been achieved we must keep on growing if industry is not to collapse and bury us under the wreckage?

Actually, so it seems to me, the question involving the possibility of an optimum is almost never raised. The myth of the simple return to nature is pretty well exploded; not even Thoreau believed in it. On the other hand, there is at least a sizable minority which insists that life in our most advanced cities is not actually a good life and that it threatens to become a worse one. They constitute a sizeable sympathetic audience for such minatory accounts of an anti-Utopia as those described in *Brave New World* and *1984*. But where, even in fantasy or fiction, can one find an attempt to imagine a society that has achieved some golden mean between the primitive and the almost intolerably complicated? I think only of Austin Tappan Wright's highly praised but little read *Islandia*, where the debate between those who favor and those who oppose joining the modern world summarizes brilliantly the pros and cons—with victory going to the cons.

Being but little versed in political sci-

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ence or sociology, I asked several specialists whether they knew of any attempt even to raise the question of just how populous, how mechanized, how complicated and how abundant a society should be if what we want most is not numbers, mechanization, complexity and abundance for their own sakes, but the best life possible for a creature who has the needs, the preferences and the potentialities of the human being. I drew blanks in every instance except one, when I was advised to consult Aristotle's *Politics* as perhaps the most recent work to concern itself with such a question even to the extent of seeming to assume that it might be a legitimate one. But I have not found even Aristotle so enlightening. True, he does remark in passing: "Most persons think it is necessary for a city to be large, to be happy." And since most people today seem to believe the same thing, or are at least convinced that their village or town or city would be happier if they could make it bigger, I conclude that more than two thousand years has been too short a time for Aristotle's exposure of the fallacy to produce conviction.

Most of the citizens of the United States and the other advanced nations seem to assume that just as every community should grow as fast and as much as its chamber of commerce can succeed in making it grow, so civilization should itself strive to accelerate, if possible, its already prodigious progress in the directions it has taken. But what of the sizable minority of critics who find much to dislike today and are afraid that tomorrow will be worse? Why do they confine themselves to terrifying pictures of that tomorrow with only the warning that it will be dreadful? Why do they make no attempt to suggest where progress should stop, or even, if I dare say it, where progress should have stopped?

Perhaps the answer is that even the enemies of endless progress in the same straight line doubt that we could, even if we would, change its direction. Perhaps they are convinced that even though the "dialectic of matter," "the logic of evolving technology" and other formulas of Marxism do not completely account for what happens to man in his civilizations, these forces are, nevertheless, so powerful that we cannot effectively oppose the general course that they determine for us whether we like it or not. Such at least is what I deduce from many current books about "world conditions," such as Robert Heilbroner's interesting *The Future as History*, where the fundamental premise is that the main outlines of the future actually are already "history" in the sense that we can write it by a process of extrapolation from that part of history which is already written. Technology will continue to advance, thereby creating of necessity a more and more elaborate bureaucratic state. Abundant production will create a situation in which making a living is so easy that economic pressure will not be sufficient to force anyone into the less attractive occupations and the state will therefore have to assign some persons willy-nilly to them. Communism will not ultimately rule the world; but for many years to come it will be adopted in one after another of the "underdeveloped" countries simply because they will want, above everything else, a rapid industrialization, and experience has shown that communism is the system that can industrialize most rapidly. Mr. Heilbroner does not say that we cannot have any effect upon this future whose outlines are fixed. But he does imply that we cannot change it radically, no matter how much we may wish that we could.

But surely—and no matter how minor a factor our desires, intentions and efforts may be—we still need to know in what direction we want their influence to be; and it is still worth while to ask the direct question, When (if ever) has society ever achieved or threatened to pass the optimum point in size, complexity and mechanization? Sociology is very fond of "proposing criteria" for this and that. But if any have ever been proposed for these optimum points I have not come across them in my limited reading.

Yet criteria no more precise and no less difficult to measure are thought worth proposing in connection with other social problems. If we can satisfy ourselves that

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the largest possible number of children per family is not the best number and even suggest that the number be intentionally limited, why should we refuse to accept Aristotle's premise that cities can be too populous even though changed conditions require a modification of his criteria?

It is not obvious that mechanization has passed its optimum point when it has ceased to make life more leisurely, less tense and more comfortable and has become instead a burden to maintain—demonstrated by the very fact that we are now more hurried than we were when we could not travel so fast and are nervously, if not also physically, more over-burdened than before we had so many labor-saving devices? Does that not suggest that we have already reached the point where things are in the saddle and ride mankind? If, for example, people are urged to go into worrisome debt to buy a new automobile, not because they have a need for it but because automobile workers will be out of a job and lead the way to economic collapse if the unneeded automobiles are not bought, does that not suggest that we have reached a point where men exist for the sake of the industry rather than industry for the sake of the men? Has the optimum point not been passed when we refuse to ask whether industry and science exist for man or whether, as often seems the case, man exists for them? Isn't the high standard of living actually too high when men are driven to exhaustion and harassed into a nervous frenzy by the supposed necessity of maintaining and even elevating it? Has not production become too great if consumption becomes a problem?

When Carlyle dubbed economics "the dismal science" he did not mean to imply that any consideration of the whys and wherefores of the physical conditions of man's life was necessarily dismal. He meant only that the orthodoxy then current made it dismal by accepting the theory that starvation and slavery for a considerable proportion of the population were inevitable and, paradoxically, best because they alone could protect their victims from conditions still worse. That theory was rejected not very long after Carlyle's time and economics became a relatively cheerful science by insisting that society could produce enough to provide a minimum sufficiency for all. But if, as seems to be the case, economics now assumes that we cannot arrange for, or even define, a good life as opposed to an ever more populous, powerful, rich and complicated one, then economics has again become a dismal science.

Aristotle was at least on the right track when he asked what the *raison d'être* of a city is and replied, "to make a good life possible." Neither economics nor politics need be a dismal science if that aim is kept in mind. But although most citizens of a modern city would not, perhaps, reject the aim explicitly, they act as though they had done so. In Tucson, where I now live and where the civic leaders are almost frantically (and successfully) engaged in doing everything possible to transform the city into a typical industrial center, an "inquiring reporter" asked at random a dozen "men on the street" whether or not they approved; all of them replied that they did. "Do you think," the interviewer then asked, "that it will make this a pleasanter place to live?" And in every case he got the answer "No." "Then why do you approve?" "Well," was the usual reply, "one must be in favor of Progress." Could there be a better example of what is meant by an acquiescence in the assumption that things not only are, but should be in the saddle and ride mankind?

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REappraisals

Popular Culture and the Romantic Heroine

BEATRICE K. HOFSTADTER

Critics are rarely satisfied with pointing out that popular taste is bad; they insist that it is steadily getting worse. They assume that in the ideal world that existed before the mass media were devised, the popular taste was uncorrupted, and therefore necessarily better than that of our own time. Does this ideal cultural state of nature have any relevance to the problems of our world? Was a once pure taste seduced by the tricksters of Madison Avenue thirty or forty years ago, to be ever since the plaything of one manipulator after another?

This is not the story that a study of the popular culture of the last hundred years will tell. To take one example, American women have been reading love stories, and critics have been abusing them for doing so, for at least a hundred years. What may have been a waste of time for them is nonetheless valuable to us as a means of adding a badly needed historical dimension to the discussion of popular culture. The themes and characters that emerge and are transformed by successive generations of popular novelists have a surprising reality in the life of their own times, and a suggestive continuity with the themes that beguile popular audiences now. Perhaps popular taste has always been unregenerate; we can deplore it, but should we permit our distaste to deprive us of the light that may be cast on it by a historical examination of problems which are too often discussed as if they were wholly new?

✪ BEATRICE KEVITT HOFSTADTER lives in New York City with her husband and two children. This essay is taken from a book she is now writing, dealing with best-selling novels and their relation to American social history.

The theme I am concerned with here is romantic love, the most popular theme in Western fiction since the Middle Ages. English and American novelists have most often written this kind of story from the heroine's point of view; and in popular fiction particularly the woman is the central figure. To illustrate the development of this theme over the past hundred years, I have chosen the heroines of five American best-selling love stories published at approximately twenty-year intervals from 1850 to 1920, with some further consideration of a contemporary novel. My selection is random in the sense that no single book is uniquely important among best-sellers, but this is in the nature of the materials of popular culture.

Each of these heroines was immensely popular in her own time. The reason for such popularity lies in the rapport that existed, and must always exist, between a popular author and his audience. While it is not safe to assume that the reader of a best-seller agrees with everything in a book, neither does it seem reasonable to think that large numbers of people would acclaim and buy any book that did not fit in some way into their view of the world. For if it did not, readers would be irritated or bewildered rather than amused or thrilled or moved. Each of the authors of these books knew how to deal with his own world at the level of ordinary sensibility. We can accuse them of moral simplicity, but it is a simplicity they shared with their readers. A discussion of popular taste aimed at finding ways to study the development of popular sensibility, not merely to draw up an indictment against it, must take a historical point of view.

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I

The archetype of all popular heroines is Samuel Richardson's Pamela, whose appearance in England in 1740 stimulated innumerable tyro-novelists to produce fair copies. It was nearly a century, however, before there was a large potential audience in America for a similar kind of fiction. Yet when Americans did begin to write for that audience, for reasons of both language and history they took as a model for their heroine the figure that had been evolved from Pamela into a popular convention by the English sentimentalists who exploited Richardson's creation.

One of the first American sentimental best-sellers was *The Wide, Wide World* by Susan B. Warner, published in 1850. Although it was a daring thing to be a lady author, it was hardly so bold as some of the other things American ladies had been doing. Two years before, a small number of women had held the first women's rights convention to protest against what Elizabeth Cady Stanton called "repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man towards woman." The feminists who met at Seneca Falls were a small avant-garde whose opinions were by no means shared by all American women. On the contrary, their boldness shocked at least as many women as men. Nevertheless, the situation they were protesting against was one that nearly all of their sex had reason to deplore.

Miss Warner was no feminist, and her book at first seems to support the traditional pattern. Her heroine, Ellen Montgomery, is a reassuringly conventional creature, whom Pamela would have recognized as a sister. She is virtuous, modest, domestic and, above all, has the patent of gentility, a great sensibility which she displays in floods of tears. In one significant way, however, she does differ from the prototype. For Pamela duty was a moral imperative humbly and willingly performed, except when that performance would have been a crime against her virtue; for Ellen, who is exposed not to sexual but domestic tyranny, duty is a heavy yoke which she stubbornly resists. She submits to authority after a struggle and only then because she comes to see her troubles not as acts of men but of God.

Thus, while Pamela was religious, Ellen Montgomery is pious. And what a weapon she, and a host of other heroines, can make of piety! Sinful man need but offer an injury; by raising her eyes to heaven, the pious female raised herself to the stature of a martyr. As *The Wide, Wide World* opens, Ellen's mother is taking leave of her daughter before going abroad for her health. She says, "Remember, my darling, who it is that brings this sorrow upon us—though we *must* sorrow, we must not rebel." It is not immediately clear who she means is the bringer of sorrows; but we know that her husband is forcing her to go away against her wishes, and he has refused to take Ellen. A few sentences later Mrs. Montgomery invokes God as the ultimate source of all trouble, but one does not miss the accusation that her husband is its proximate source.

Despite repeated protestations that God would ultimately settle all scores, genteel female authors could not resist giving Him a helping hand. They had a habit of killing off a heavy-handed father, and of reducing a lover to helpless invalidism before entrusting their heroine to him. Mr. Montgomery is pictured as being utterly unable to share or sympathize with his wife's distress at leaving their daughter. Later in the book, after Mrs. Montgomery has died abroad, the author sinks the father to the bottom of the sea in one short paragraph. His death brings not a single tear to the heroine's usually lavish eyes.

Susan B. Warner was born and brought up in an elegant New York City home, but when she was barely twenty her father lost his entire fortune. She and her sister were forced to retire from New York society to a dilapidated caretaker's cottage on an island in the Hudson River. They both began to write to support the family; and, although their books sold well and the proceeds should have supported them in comfort, their father so mismanaged the family finances that they lived all their lives at the

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edge of poverty. To kill off a heroine's father may have been small revenge, but they made what they could of it.

Despite her seeming conventionality, Susan B. Warner's books in fact made a subtle but far-reaching change in the accepted view of the tension between love and duty, between individual inclination and parental authority. Her heroine suggests that the docility of the Pamelas should be questioned. In principle, of course, submission was still acknowledged to be proper to females. Submission was written in the heroine's face—"There was in all its lines the singular mixture of gravity and sweetness that is never seen but where religion and discipline have done their work well" —as we can see it now in the faces of the pensive beauties so fashionable in the steel engravings of the period, smooth wings of hair modestly folded down over their cheeks. But to whom was submission unquestionably due? Is there an infinite chain of command? If parents are replaced by unwelcome guardians, the reader's sympathy then becomes available to an oppressed orphan, as it could never be to a daughter who did not honor her father and mother.

By removing Ellen's parents, Susan B. Warner was thus able to use her orphaned state as a vehicle of underground rebellion. After many trials under the guardianship of an unfeeling aunt, Ellen has a brief moment of happiness with a neighboring family who have befriended her. In this home she finds the sister she has longed for, and a hero whom she calls brother but who, it is hinted, may one day be something more. She is no sooner settled in, however, when wealthy relations in Edinburgh claim her and she must go, all unwillingly. Although her new guardians welcome Ellen and shower her with luxuries, they also insist that she obey them unquestioningly and forget her friends in America. She is a model of duty until they snub her religion and her country. Then she stubbornly goes to church against their express orders and defends her country against all comers. In time, the hero finds her in Scotland, still true to him in her fashionable home:

"I thought you would never come, John," at length Ellen half whispered, half said.

"And I cannot stay now. I must leave you tomorrow, Ellie." . . .

"O I wish I was going with you!" Ellen exclaimed, bursting into tears. . . . "I never thought you would leave me here, John."

"Neither would I, if I could help it; neither will I a minute longer than I can help; but we must both wait, my own Ellie. Do not cry so, for my sake!"

"Wait?—til when?" said Ellen, not a little reassured.

"I have no power now to remove you from your legal guardians, and you have no right to choose for yourself."

"And when shall I?"

"In a few years."

"A few years! . . . what shall I do?"

"What the weak must always do, Ellie, seek for strength where it may be had." . . .

"What will they say to you then, Ellie, if you leave to give yourself to me?"

"I cannot help it," replied Ellen,—"they must say what they please."

With this scene the book closes. Perhaps the actual leave-taking would have been too painful for Miss Warner to write. She does add a final paragraph "for the gratification of those who are never satisfied," which assures her readers that after three or four years Ellen did go home again, but which gives only the faintest clue to Ellen's final relation to the "brother" she treats with such tearful passion. Thus, without risking open rebellion, or disputing the weakness of women, Susan Warner was able to create a heroine with a new point of view, to oppose the moral sanction of parental authority with other sanctions as widely accepted, love of God and love of country.

This slight deviation from conventional obedience provides a clue to what *The Wide, Wide World* and other weepy tales of the 1850's were really about. As Mother, the American woman of the period shared with God and Home an official position in the sentimental triad of proclaimed American values. Yet her husband could treat her any way he pleased. In a society which extended its egalitarianism even to the rearing of children, women were superior moral beings with inferior legal and economic

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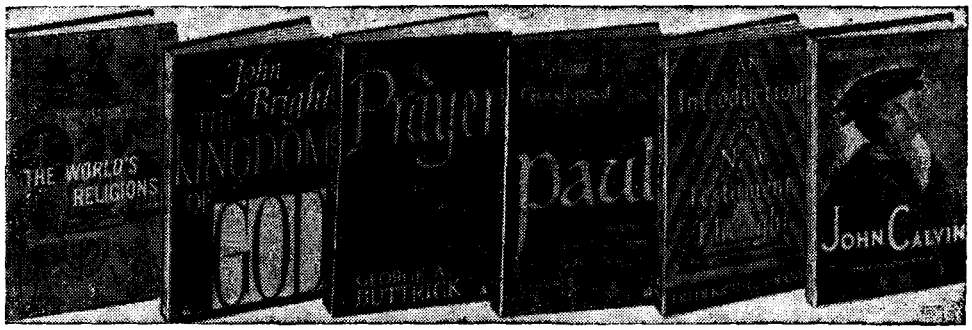

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status. During the turbulent years of the mid-nineteenth century, when fortunes were as easily lost as made, a woman's position could suddenly become lamentable indeed. If a man went bankrupt in one of the recurring financial panics, he could lose his wife's money as well, without her consent. If a husband took to drink or to his heels, he could take with him everything his wife owned. A wife had no property rights, no recourse in the divorce courts, and no chance of earning any but the most meager living. There was no lady-like way out of her troubles; she could only bear them in the expectation that wrongs would be righted in Heaven. But the feminists could take heart from the example of their own country, founded in rebellion against tyranny in the name of the rights of man. To more cautious souls, Susan Warner and a host of other novelists could give hints that within the bounds of decency there might still be a way to oppose outrageous use of domestic authority.

II

By 1867, the feminist movement had gained considerable following, and woman's sphere was beginning to widen. The greatest gains were made in the field of education, and several women's colleges were founded in the 1860's. Even women who opposed political emancipation for their sex began to demand the right to be educated. Augusta Evans Wilson, a Southern gentlewoman and best-selling author, derided the feminist agitation for "the right to vote, to harangue from the hustings, to trail her heaven-born purity through the dust and mire of political strife" but claimed the right to be "learned, wise, noble, useful, in women's divinely limited sphere. . . ."

Mrs. Wilson had lifted herself out of her personal troubles by means of education, and each of her heroines put intelligence to similar use. Her father had been born into a wealthy planting family, but he lost his plantation before his daughter was four years old. By the time she was in her teens the family was penniless. Augusta wrote her first book when she was fifteen and began to make money before she was twenty-five. After the Civil War, she married a wealthy man older than her father, but she continued to write and to take great pride in presenting large checks—once an advance for $15,000—to her mother. Mrs. Wilson had no formal education. Her books are full of the pedantry of the self-educated; her prose is spread with a thick cultural pastiche. But her point is that women have minds and therefore ought to have the right to control their own lives; she is the first author to suggest that a heroine's destiny need not be a man.

There are, again, small but far-reaching differences between Mrs. Wilson's heroines and Miss Warner's. Edna Earl, the heroine of *St. Elmo*, published in 1867 and Mrs. Wilson's greatest success, is, like Ellen Montgomery, a precociously virtuous orphan. When she is fifteen, she is pulled from a train wreck by a wealthy woman who then takes the girl into her home. There she is educated, but the author continually points out that Edna owes her personal excellence to her own talent and determination. Her wealthy benefactress provides only the opportunity for the heroine's self-development. Unlike Ellen Montgomery, who is dutiful except on special points, Edna Earl cannot bear dependence, even on those she loves. She looks to education for economic, and therefore personal, independence. When she feels she is prepared to look for a post as a governess, she announces to her benefactress, "Much as I love you, I can not remain here any longer, for I could not continue to owe my bread even to your kind and tender charity." Despite the lady's tears and entreaties, Edna Earl persists in what she considers to be doing her duty. "I feel that when duty commands me to follow a path, lonely and dreary though it may seem, a light will be shed before my feet, and a staff put into my hands. . . . I feel assured that the chief of the 'Shrouded Gods' is Duty, veiling her features . . . whose unbending finger signs our way. . . . I shall follow that stern finger till the clods on my coffin shut it from my sight." Here is an entirely new version of the love-duty conflict. The center of duty has shifted not

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only away from parents but also, despite the piety of the heroine, away from God. Duty is raised to the grandeur of an abstract principle, a shrouded god whose sibyl is the heroine herself. That is, duty is no longer a social imperative, but by a rather clever shift has become a defense of individual will. In the name of duty, the heroine can assert herself against whatever demands may be made upon her. She is right to leave the luxurious home where she has been treated so kindly, but where she cannot be her own mistress. To underscore the point, several wealthy and desirable men propose marriage to her; she thanks them politely for the honor they bestow, but she refuses every one.

When Edna Earl does fall in love, it is with a cynical, dangerous man, St. Elmo, the profligate son of her benefactress. Although he loves her in return, she refuses him because of his sinister character. But under the influence of her pure example, he gives up his rakish ways, and unknown to her enters the ministry. While he is busy regenerating himself to suit her tastes, Edna has been earning her living as a governess in New York and also has become a famous writer. After many years, St. Elmo comes to see her and declares that "God has pardoned all my sins, and accepted me as a laborer worthy to enter His vineyard. . . . I never expect to be worthy of you! But you can make me less unworthy." Now that he is clay in her hands, she accepts him, although she faints at the wedding ceremony, presumably from joy but possibly overwhelmed by her own power.

Before his reformation, St. Elmo was a reincarnation of the eighteenth-century rake, but now how different a fate awaits him! Pamela had simply encased herself in the citadel of her virtue and held out against the siege. A proposal of marriage was her victory, but, hard-won as it was, it was also short-lived. As soon as she married, the rake regained the upper hand; as a husband Mr. B—— was unquestionably lord and master. Edna Earl, on the contrary, with her education to back her, does not marry except on her own terms. After the wedding she will continue to control her destiny, and she will not become the domestic slave her predecessors were. She has insured a lasting victory by remodeling the hero to her own taste, removing the most threatening aspects of his masculinity and reducing him to pious jelly. Popular novelists in these times never discussed sex openly, but the sexual implications of Edna Earl's victory may well have been as clear to contemporary readers as they are to us.

III

After Mrs. Wilson, only the outward forms of the conventions inherited by the nineteenth-century novelist remain to the heroine; her moral forces have gathered strength, and with them her powers of self-assertion. Mrs. Wilson showed how she could use these powers to make life yield what she wanted. What would happen if her success with the hero went to her head, if, seeing how easily she had reformed one man, she set about reforming the sexual mores themselves? This was the task set for his heroine by E. P. Roe, one of the most popular writers of the Gilded Age. He wrote innumerable novels, several of which sold in best-seller quantities; but because they were bland, home-loving and cheerful in tone, he was dismissed even in his own day as an anachronism, a latter-day version of Susan B. Warner. He did not consider himself a writer of simple love stories; he meant to be a social reformer. Nevertheless, since his work was directed at moral rather than political reform, his intent was misunderstood by the political-minded generation that came after him. Still it was Roe who first gave voice in popular fiction to the reform spirit that was to swell into the ringing choruses of Progressivism.

Roe was a clergyman who was distressed by what he considered to be a growing spirit of materialism in American life. He wanted to revive the values of former days, to right a balance that had somehow been tipped. Cities were ugly and full of sin; the possession of money corrupted the soul; hard-hearted, empty women of fashion were

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neglecting their homes, and prodding their husbands on in ruthless, predatory careers that brought them not happiness but ruin.

Mildred Jocelyn, the heroine of *Without a Home*, published in 1881, is given the power to work those miracles Roe thought were within the capacity of a good woman. Her father, who has failed in business, has begun to solace himself with opium; her mother, pretty and affectionate but weak, is unable to prevent his dragging the family down from affluence to the depths of poverty. When the final disaster strikes, Mildred takes over and mothers not only her younger brothers and sisters but her parents as well. She superintends a move to the country, and here she meets the hero. He is no rakish St. Elmo, but an ignorant country lout. Under her gentle influence, he spruces up, and from wanting to better his manners and his appearance goes on to bettering his station. He leaves the farm and studies law, eventually becoming not only a moral but a financial success. But not for one moment does he forget that he owes everything to Mildred. Meanwhile Mildred has been too busy being the mainstay of her family to have time for love. The family moves back to the city, so that Mildred can try to support them by working in a department store. This episode nearly ends in disaster, from which the fledgling hero-lawyer saves the heroine. Emboldened by this success, he proposes marriage:

"Miss Mildred, you know that I have loved you ever since you waked up an awkward, lazy country fellow into the wish to be a man. . . ."

"Oh, my perverse, perverse heart!" wailed Mildred. . . . "How strange it seems that I can say from the depths of my soul that I could die for you, and yet I can't do just the one thing you deserve a thousand times!"

"I'd give all the world for this little hand, but I won't take it until your heart goes with it. So there! . . . As a woman you have sacred rights, and I should despise myself if I tried to buy you with kindness or take advantage of your gratitude. . . . I'd rather have an honest friendship than a forced affection, even though the force was only in the girl's will and wishes."

"Oh, Roger, Roger," sobbed the girl, "I can do nothing for you and yet you have saved me from shame and are giving us all hope and life."

"You are responsible for all there is good in me," he tried to say lightly, "and I'll show you in coming years if you have done nothing for me."

Mildred decides to take up nursing, by 1880 a highly respectable profession. Not until she has nursed the hero through a near-fatal accident—until in fact he owes his very life to her—does she realize that she loves him. In the time between, her self-sufficiency has saved her from what feminists in those days were calling "legal prostitution"—that is, marriage for support and protection, not for love. The hero, whom the eighteenth-century rake would hardly recognize as a fellow man, agrees that this attitude is right. So powerful is this heroine's influence upon her lover that he is as wary of physical love as she is; sex without love, the great sin of materialism, is as repugnant to him as to her. Theirs is a wholly spiritual marriage, the symbol of the better world Roe hoped for. Feminists since Mary Wollstonecraft had been arguing that chastity could not be required of women unless it were also required of men. This hero is willing to wait for his love with almost female patience, if need be, forever. And while he is waiting, his chastity equals hers. Roe advocates sexual equality of a special kind; he imposes on men the limitations traditional for women. Feminism can be a sword that cuts men down to women's size.

IV

No matter how appealing, as an ideal, equality in sexual morality may have been to an age infatuated with the very idea of ideals, it was too bloodless to have a wide appeal for long. By 1895 the sales of Roe's books had begun to drop off sharply. At the turn of the century a new heroine appeared, epitomized in the drawings of Charles Dana Gibson and hailed everywhere as the "New Woman." She was tall and active, she held her body straight and her head high. Her free and easy manners shocked her genteel mother, and her determination to live her own life appalled

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her father and his world of domineering men.

The American novelist Winston Churchill was one of the first to make the New Woman a heroine. At the center of his stories is a conflict, at once personal and ideological, parallel with that the Progressives were waging in the realm of politics. Churchill's heroines and heroes both embody social morality, civic virtue, personal integrity, and together they fight against businessmen fathers who represent the established order—money-centered, corrupt, powerful. In the sphere of family life Churchill tried to dramatize the other side of the coin of worldly success: the businessman as husband is superfluous, awkward, utterly banal; as father, he is both neglectful and autocratic.

Determined as he was to repudiate everything associated with the materialistic generation that had preceded his, Churchill tried to make his heroines entirely new. Victoria Flint, heroine of his best-selling *Mr. Crewe's Career* (1908), is, Churchill wrote, "not only of another generation, but might almost have been judged of another race than her parents. The things for which her mother had striven [money and social position] she took for granted. . . . She had by nature that simplicity and astonishing frankness of manner and speech which was once believed to be an exclusive privilege of duchesses." Victoria is, in short, that most exemplary democratic creature, a natural aristocrat. Moreover, she scorns as female weakness the kind of emotionalism that was so prized as a sign of sensibility and refinement fifty years before. In every situation she is calm and dignified, a model of self-possession. When the hero proposes marriage, she is controlled, he is emotional; his eyes fill, not hers. In moments of danger Victoria does not faint or yell for the hero's help; she springs into action, catches runaway horses, rescues children from the path of various vehicles, all without a tremor.

Armed with these multiple virtues, Victoria is not content to stay at home as her predecessors were; her interests range beyond herself and her family to the larger world of men, business and politics. Her father owns a railroad, and the hero, Austen Vane, is the son of one of the railroad's political agents. When they meet, they discuss not love, but railroads:

> "I have been thinking since I saw you last—yes, and I have been making inquiries, I have been trying to find out things—which you will not tell me. . . . They say that the railroad governs through disreputable politicians,—and I—I am beginning to believe it is true. . . ."
>
> Austen did not smile. She was speaking quietly, but he saw that she was breathing deeply, and he knew that she possessed a courage which went far beyond that of most women, and an insight into life and affairs.
>
> "I am going to find out," she said, "whether these things are true."
>
> "And then?" he asked involuntarily.
>
> "If they are true, I am going to tell my father about them, and ask him to investigate. Nobody seems to have the courage to go to him."
>
> Austen did not answer. . . . Suppose she did find out? He knew that she would not falter until she came to the end of her investigation, to the revelation of Mr. Flint's code of business ethics. Should the revolt take place, she would be satisfied with nothing less than the truth, even as he, Austen Vane, had not been satisfied. And he thought of the life-long faith that would be broken thereby.

When Victoria does find out that her father's business ethics are immoral, she never hesitates between morality and filial duty, not to speak of selfish considerations. So much does she disdain material things—her money is also involved—so devoted is she to truth and justice for all mankind that no other moral or human claims can influence her behavior.

Clear-headed and courageous as she is, however, Victoria feels the limitations her sex imposes upon her, and she wishes more than once that she were a man. The qualities Churchill prizes in his heroine, that proclaim her a New Woman, are masculine. Yet he does not wish to unsex her and, perhaps in compensation, places her even higher than her predecessors on the pedestal of Sacred Womanhood. Aloof and coldly virtuous, this heroine insists not so much on being loved as being literally adored. When Churchill proclaims her the "God-

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dess of Liberty" she seems to be indeed as unattainable as a statue.

But once Victoria has won her political victory and forced her father into the paths of economic virtue, she crumbles. What she really wants is not different, in the end, from what Ellen Montgomery wanted: not a career, but love and marriage. What seemed to be a break with the chains of the past turns out to be only a different sort of link. Like her predecessors, Victoria will not marry for money; money has made moral degenerates of her parents and has corrupted society as well. She accepts marriage only after the hero has proved he is as immune as she from these temptations and has a high-mindedness equal to her own. Churchill ends his novels with the promise to his readers that the ideal and idealistic couple he has just married off will not only live happily ever after, but will add to the world's happiness. They belong to a sort of moral elite; the example of their upright, selfless lives will, through some undefined process, improve the lot of the poor and the characters of the rich.

V

Sacred Womanhood was one of the first images to be shattered by the iconoclastic twenties. The feminist battle had been won; the prize of victory was the vote, which symbolized recognition of women's rights not only in the political but also in the economic sphere. But women had no intention of stopping there. No sooner had their political chains been struck off than they scrambled to throw away all the other signs of servitude—long skirts, decorous manners, prudential morals. The most advanced flappers did not want equality on the old terms; they wanted a single standard of moral behavior, but the other way round—not requiring men to be subject to female restraints, but allowing women male liberty. Marriage was no longer the life-and-death matter it had been. There were other roles for women now—career women, white-collar girls, bachelor girls. Who was to say what women could *not* do?

It was an Englishwoman, Edith M. Hull, who created in *The Sheik* (1921) the most popular heroine in America in the twenties. Diana Mayo is free, white, twenty-one and independently wealthy. Her parents are dead; her only living relative is a timid older brother, whose effeminacy presents a strong contrast to her boldness. Diana craves adventure, rides like a man, can handle a gun as well as a man, and has "the easy, vigorous carriage of an athletic boy." She will not tolerate love-making, not because she is a prude, but because she thinks it a waste of time; one of her admirers calls her "the coldest little fish in the world."

With a contemptuous sneer at her brother, and without a care in the world, she sets off to cross the Sahara, alone with a party of Arab guides. On the second day out the caravan is attacked by brigands, and Ahmed, their sheik, carries her off kicking and screaming. He is dashing and romantic-looking, a superman of the type created by Jack London, but, unromantically, he rapes her. She is not cowed but furious. Although she runs away, preferring the dangers of the desert to his attentions, when he catches her again she realizes that she loves this son of the desert. His primitive masculinity has awakened the primitive woman in her. Her happiness is unimpaired by her awareness that Ahmed does not love her, that she is nothing more than a female convenience to him. However, when a rival sheik steals Diana, and the hero rescues her from those greasy hands in the very nick of time, he too awakens to love. But love sobers him; Ahmed insists that he cannot ask Diana to continue to live with him this way, that she must go back to England. She rebels, she demands and then begs that he let her stay. When he still refuses, with her former courage she puts a gun to her forehead:

> He turned like a flash and leaped across the space that separated them, catching her hand as she pressed the trigger, and the bullet sped harmlessly an inch above her head. . . .
>
> She seemed only half-conscious, unable to check the emotion that, unloosed, overwhelmed her. . . . Gathering her up to his heart he carried her to the divan, and the weight of her soft slim body sent the blood racing madly through his veins. . . .

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"You won't send me away?" she whispered pleadingly, like a terrified child.

A hard sob broke from him and he kissed her trembling lips fiercely. "Never!" he said sternly. . . . "Pray God I keep you happy. You know the worst of me, poor child—you will have a devil for a husband. . . ."

"I am not afraid," she murmured slowly. "I am not afraid of anything with your arms round me, my desert lover. Ahmed! Monseigneur!"

Probability is cast aside to make way for a happy ending. The sheik turns out not to be an Arab after all, but the son of an English lord and a Spanish lady. Diana can marry him not only without the disgrace of miscegenation, but even without the inconvenience of declassing herself.

This emancipated creature who roams the desert on her own seems at first glance to have little resemblance to the Gibson Girl who liked to shock people by riding alone over familiar country. The Gibson Girl prided herself on her superiority as a high-minded woman; when she married, it was because her lover recognized and paid tribute to that superiority. The flapper has jumped off the pedestal, and knows no ideal but physical equality and personal independence. Life seems to hold out only two possibilities to her: if she would be a woman, she must accept the age-old chains of domesticity; if she would be free, she must be a man. Despite the vote, at bottom the flapper felt she was not and could never be free as a woman; her sex itself made freedom impossible. Diana's mannishness is her way of refusing to accept the cruel fate of being a woman.

When she meets a man who is man enough to master her, Diana discovers that even for her woman's ancient role is the most satisfying. But just as she overplays one part when she starts on her daring adventure, so she overplays her metamorphosis. The height of happiness is not merely to be an awakened woman but a slave of her man. The freedom she had so boldly demanded nearly frightens her to death when she gets it. At the beginning of this story, Diana's great courage is continually commented upon; when the book ends, she is almost as fearful and tearful, almost as dependent on her lover, as Pamela had been so long ago. But not quite; the seducer has also changed. He admits that he has behaved like a devil, a beast; he wishes to undo the harm he has done and declares, "For your ultimate happiness I am content to sacrifice everything." Diana's victory is not the one Mrs. Stanton had fought for, but it is a distinctly female triumph. When Diana murmurs "Monseigneur," she has won exactly what she wanted.

VI

After thirty-five years of legal equality, thirty-five years during which many women have by choice or necessity made successes of nondomestic lives, freedom is still a dilemma for the popular heroine. A fling at equality sent Diana Mayo scurrying for safety to the arms of a man, proclaiming her essential femininity; Marjorie Morningstar rebels against the world of her parents and then recoils in a way very reminiscent of Diana's about-face. Marjorie's attempts to forget the Jewish traditions and sexual conventions of her middle-class parents, to be an actress, to have an affair, to be a free-wheeling individual, end when all she had longed for is offered her. Summarily, she rejects it. She wakes up to find that what she really wants is the time-honored safety of marriage and the family. "When Marjorie finally did get married, it happened fast."

Unlike Diana, Marjorie does not emerge from her adventures with a clear victory. True, Diana was raped and Marjorie was willing. But this is not the point so much as that Marjorie's attitude toward men and sex is confused, while Diana's is clear. Unlike the earlier heroines, who gave or withheld love with perfect self-assurance, who were secure in their female superiority, Marjorie is never sure of her attractiveness to the first man she loves, and then doubts her fitness to be a wife to the man she wants to marry. After a hundred years of an uphill fight, what are women's rights? Must women now prove they have not misused their freedom, and pass the tests once

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imposed on St. Elmo? Marjorie puts herself to such a test. She confesses her brief sexual transgression to her fiancé; she not merely submits herself to his judgment, she has prejudged herself by his standards.

All the time he talked she sank deeper into fear and misery. . . . It seemed impossible to break into this run of bubbling high spirits with the revelation about Noel. . . .

She had her rebellious moments during that sorrowful ride, behind the smiling face. This was the twentieth century, she told herself. He was an honor graduate of Harvard; he ought to know what life was all about. Obviously at thirty-one he himself wasn't a virgin. . . . She hadn't claimed to be one. Inwardly she raged at the injustice of his assuming that she must measure up to the standards of dead Victorian days. . . . Her guilt over having had one affair was childish. Everybody had affairs nowadays, the world had changed. . . .

In all these reasonable thoughts, however, Marjorie could find no trace of relief or hope. The fact was, she had passed herself off as a good Jewish girl. Twentieth century or not, good Jewish girls were supposed to be virgins when they married. . . . For that matter, good Christian girls were supposed to be virgins too; that was why brides wore white. . . .

Then all at once, at the very worst moment, just after the food was set before them, the story somehow broke from her in a stammering rush of words; every word like vomit in her mouth.

That ended the evening. . . . She had never seen such a change in a man's face; he went in a few minutes from happiness to sunken melancholy.

Still, Milton Schwartz decides to marry her. "But she never again saw on his face the pure happiness that had shone there during the drive. . . . He took her as she was, with her deformity, despite it. For that was what it amounted to in his eyes and in hers—a deformity. . . ." Marjorie, like Diana, has found freedom wanting and reestablished the double standard. But Marjorie never wanted to be a man; for her the choice was to be either an actress or a "fat housewife." Nevertheless her dreams of a career turn out to be a trap; even though she tries to compete in the world of men as a woman, she is unable not to violate her womanliness. When Marjorie finally chooses domesticity, she overplays her new role much as Diana overplayed femininity. She limits herself to prudential morals and home-centered goals as rigid and circumscribed as Ellen Montgomery's. What looked like confines to the nineteenth-century feminist, however, look like safety and the resolution of an impossible conflict to the twentieth-century female.

Refurbished domesticity—"togetherness"—is once again a central value in American life. Once again girls go directly from their parents' homes to their husbands', no sooner cease being children than they become parents. An independent life, or even postponement of marriage and motherhood to gain some experience of the larger world, get less and less sanction from our popular writers. They are no longer occupied with the restraints of authority but with the dangers of freedom. On the level of the popular novel, at least, we seem no nearer than we were a hundred years ago to finding a working answer for women's opposing needs—fulfillment as women and as autonomous individuals.

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Some Notes on the Theater

KENNETH TYNAN

The Editors of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR have invited Mr. Kenneth Tynan, distinguished British critic of the theater, to comment on certain tendencies in the theater today. The notes that follow will be part of a book entitled *Curtains*, to be published by Atheneum Publishers in 1961.

The essay-review of recent books, which is usually presented here, will be resumed in the next issue.

ON STAGE SEXUALITY

The most characteristic English play on the subject of physical love is *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is characteristic because it has no love scenes. The English, as their drama represents them, are a nation endlessly communicative about love without ever enjoying it. Full-blooded physical relationships, engaged in with mutual delight, are theatrically taboo. Thwarted love is preferred, the kind Mr. Coward wrote about in *Brief Encounter*, where two married people (married, of course, to two other people) form a sad and meager attachment without being able to follow it through. At the end of a play on some quite different subject—religion, perhaps, or politics—it is customary for the hero to say, as he does in *Robert's Wife*: "I was deeply in love with a fine woman," and for the wife to reply: "My dear, dear husband"; but there should be no hint elsewhere in the text that they have as much as brushed lips.

In comedies, marriage is presented as the high road to divorce. Husband and wife begin the play at Daggers Drawn, their country house, and the whole point of the ensuing exercise is to lure them back into each other's arms. The reconciliation takes place in the last act. Left alone on stage, the two lovers exchange coy salutations:

> HENRY: Hello, Sybil.
> SYBIL: Hello, Henry.
> (*Curtain.*)

Among younger people, the technique of courtship is even more rigorously codified. It is always practiced on a chaise longue. The girl sits down beside the boy and edges a few inches toward him, whereupon he edges a few inches away. This is repeated *ad lib.* until the boy falls off. The purpose of the ritual is to show the English male's terror of sex and his instinctive tendency to yell for mother. He is always bashful and ashamed in the presence of women to whom he is not closely related. At first he addresses them as if they were new and disturbing nannies: later, as the relationship matures, he takes the giant step and treats the girl of his choice as a substitute mother. The plays of the twenties were full of scenes in which the hero, contorted with grief, confessed to his mother that he had transferred his affections to another woman.

A firmly established tenet of English drama is that love that is "only physical" will not last, and is probably ghastly anyway. Englishmen who go to American plays

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such as *A Streetcar Named Desire* frequently say afterwards: "Perhaps I'm naïve, but all this harping on sex strikes me as awfully boring." (Or "vulgar," or "tasteless," the other key words of English criticism.) They *are* naïve: there is no perhaps about it. Graham Greene's *The Living Room* was one of the few modern plays whose hero admitted to having had and enjoyed an affair. The heroine of Terence Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea* made the same dreadful admission. In both cases the penalty for extramarital pleasure was paid. Mr. Rattigan's heroine tried to gas herself and Mr. Greene's took poison. The idea that a man and a woman should fall head over hips in love and sensually exult in their mutual discovery is deeply offensive to English taste. Someone must suffer for it, and our playwrights see to it that someone does, harshly and irrevocably. *That*, it is felt, will teach them to flaunt themselves (the word is always "flaunt"): why can't they be repressed like everybody else?

Proposals are regarded with more tolerance, although the approach to them is often extremely oblique. In country-house comedies it has been known to go like this:

DICK (*blushing*): I have something—rather important to ask you, Miss Godalming.

MISS G.: What is it, Tom? (*I should have explained that there is a mistaken identity plot going on at the same time.*)

DICK: Well . . . honestly, I don't know quite how to put it.

MISS G. (*softly*): Is it—so very difficult?

DICK: Well, dash it, Gloria—I mean Miss Godalming—we hardly know each other, and (*business of fiddling with tie*) a fellow feels such a *fool*. . .

I leave the rest to your imagination, although it is a bequest I wouldn't want left to mine. It comes out, on this occasion, that all Dick wanted was to borrow her razor. The real proposal comes later. Dick trudges down to breakfast with a farcical cold, the result of having climbed a drainpipe in a hailstorm, clad only in pajamas, to steal the manuscript of Lady Godalming's scandalous autobiography from its place in the escritoire. The emotional climax is now at hand:

DICK: Would you bind passing the bustard?

MISS G. (*primly*): Not in the least, Richard.

DICK: Thag you. Atchoo. (*He munches dolefully, albeit with determination. All stage directions in English farce read like this, albeit worse.*) I say—Gloria!

MISS G.: Yes, Richard?

DICK: I dode suppose it batters a bit eddy bore, but (*wildly*) I love you bost awfully, and—Gloria, will you let me use your razor for always?

MISS G. (*recklessly throwing her toast to the floor*): Of course I will, you darling chump!

Their embrace is interrupted by the French maid Marie, pronounced Murray, and the title of the piece, a miracle of catarrhal euphony, is *Barry Be Todight.*

English romantic drama is built around interrupted or frustrated embraces. Uninterrupted embraces only take place years before the curtain rises. Their purpose is purely functional—to provide illegitimate children who turn up later from nowhere, fully grown and ready to wreak all kinds of havoc. By this time their father has died; his widow has remarried and begun a new life in Wiltshire. The advent of the love-child is announced by the butler: "There's a young person to see you, Milady. A Mr. Richard." Milady goes out to prune some phlox, leaving the stage clear for the entrance of a shabby, gangling, ill-dressed youth. He surveys the room, nodding sagely to himself. As befits his station (he has traveled on the night train from Liverpool), he seems overawed and embarrassed.

Milady re-enters, garlanded with phlox prunings. Then:

MILADY: Ah! You must be—let's see, what was it?—Mr. Richard?

RICHARD: Yes, Lady Searsley. I hope you don't mind my intruding?

MILADY: Not at all, not at all. (*Pause*) Well now, how can I be of . . .

RICHARD: It's just as—*he* described it.

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MILADY: What is?

RICHARD: This room. The mantlepiece, with all those funny china dogs on it. The picture of—Aunt Eliza, isn't it? And all his first editions—even the Ben Jonsons! And the photo of Uncle Roger at the siege of Srinagar! It's all—rather like a dream.

MILADY (*faintly*): How do you know all this?

RICHARD (*simply*): I'm—Richard, Mother.

MILADY: You mean—?

RICHARD: Richard. Richard's son.

MILADY: Richard's—! *My dear boy . . .*

And so on. Richard is going to bring chaos to the quiet, secluded backwater of Milady's life, but there is a play in him somewhere, and a fat part for a virginal young actor, which is the only kind of young actor the English stage adores.

Actresses, by an unjust dispensation, have far fewer chances. Prejudice forbids them any form of self-indulgence. Until she reaches the age of thirty, the English actress is allowed only to play ingénues, girls too young for love and scared of it. When she reaches fifty, she can begin to play sophisticated dowagers, women too old for love and disillusioned by it. Between thirty and fifty there is a total gap, covering the vital years in which women swap lovers and husbands, have affairs and divorces, and run the gamut from man to man. The erstwhile ingénue then returns to the stage, wheezing and thundering, as a dragon. Until some playwright arrives to reclaim those lost years, it must be assumed that no Englishwoman of mature intelligence engages in any kind of romantic activity at all.

And what conclusions can we draw? One, I think, is self-evident. Our dramatists do not hold the mirror up to nature; they hold it up to other mirrors. They ape the theater of the past, instead of shaping the life of the present. They will wear gags and blinkers, spread half-truths and smoke screens—anything rather than stare life in the face and set down the form and passion of what they see. To the exceptions, I apologize. At the rule, I shrug.

ON STAGE CHILDREN

On the whole, stage children come in four sizes—the Wide-Eyed Bouncers, the Bespectacled Swots, the Sensitive Types and the Juvenile Delinquents. The Americans have lately added another to the list, the Tot Satanic, which reared both of its ugly heads in the heroine of *The Bad Seed*, a mass murderess on the right side of nine years old. If we English lag behind in the creation of really psychotic children, the reason may partly be that we lack the vocabulary for it. Psychiatry has not yet conquered our nurseries. The Manhattan mother, discussing her youngest, may say, not without a certain collector's pride: "Raoul's developing what looks to us like a peach of an avoidance-syndrome." And if daughter Kerry shows a tendency to throw lighted fireworks into the refrigerator, this is not mere devilment but "a prototypal act of nuisance-aggression." Children do not have memories, they have "image-retentiveness," and instead of stealing the jam, they indulge in "retaliatory pilfering." In this way the average child can be made to seem interestingly abnormal, and the abnormal child downright insane. If cursed with a brat who does nothing all day but sit in the corner swatting flies, you whisper, "His conative faculty's gone dead on us lately, but we're not worried—you know what Griebmann says about the destructiveness of activity for activity's sake." These phrases have not yet passed into our language, and hence the lunatic child seldom appears on our stage.

Nor do we have the American habit, fast becoming a minor industry, of writing plays about fathers driven crazy by their failure to establish "a good relationship" with their sons. If an English father were to grip his ten-year-old boy by the shoulders and say: "Don't know how it is, son, but we never seem to—to *get through* to each other," the child would assume that he was drunk. In an American play the child would burst into tears and take to drink himself.

The function of English stage children is usually to teach their elders the rudiments

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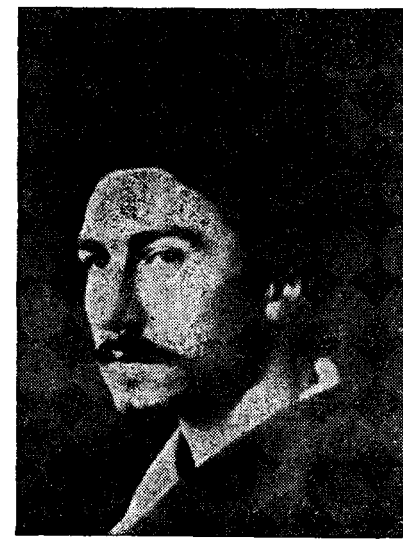

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of good behavior, on the out-of-the-mouths-of-babes-and-sucklings theory. If junior starts wearing a shoulder holster and spitting in church, it is a hint to Mums and Dads that they had better set about patching up their marriage. If Sensitive Type spends her nights sulking in the rabbit hutch, it is because she is being deprived of love. If a whole batch of sucklings flies off to a peace conference (as in Roger MacDougall's *Escapade*), it is to teach their parents the foolishness of war. Modern kid plays are always cautionary plays.

The smallest category is that devoted to Juvenile Delinquents. It takes as its text the words, "Society Is the Real Criminal." This quickly grows wearisome, not because it is not true, but because it tends to rob the child of any capacity for individual choice, which is the lifeblood of drama. Whatever he does, it is never his doing: he is a pawn in a game of sociological chess. For recent examples see *Cosh Boy* and *Murder Story*.

We next find, loitering in the toils of adolescence, a listless battalion of Sensitive Types. These are the direct descendants of the children in Victorian plays, who existed only for the purpose of dying young or being orphaned. The girls get tragic crushes, from which they are gently dissuaded: "You must remember, darling, Robert is fifty years older than you. When you're twenty-five, he'll be seventy-nine. Had you thought of that?" The oldest inhabitants in this group are the Constant Nymph and Young Woodley. These two, by a sort of box-office mating, have bred dozens of equally tormented offspring. Before Mummy can announce in the last scene that "our little girl has become a woman," her little girl must spend at least two acts hating Mummy's guts. Traumatic experiences are not uncommon. The heroine of *The Seventh Veil* was blighted as a concert pianist by a school caning, while *The Girl Who Couldn't Quite* was fixated by a wart on her nanny's nose. The latter, by the way, was the last ingénue on the English stage to utter the time-honored line: "I'm going to keep crying till there's no more cry left in me."

Although a little short on cry, the dominant variety of child's play is undoubtedly school drama. It is always a public school; no other kind of education is known to the English theater. Only three types of men need apply for jobs on the staff: breezy young half-wits (to teach Sports), thin-lipped sadists (to teach Latin or Science, according to the author's politics), and genial old bumblers (to teach a Broad Understanding of Humanity). Sadists and bumblers alike address their charges in polysyllables: "And what has the egregious Watson to say for himself? Come, come, boy, say not that the omniscience of yesternight has vanished with the snows of yesteryear!" Latin tags are also in evidence, a favorite being the one beginning "Tempora mutantur. . . ."

Every school has its Swot, who is named Crump or Pilkington and wears clothes that are slightly too small for him. Primitive Swots were always buffoons, but with the dawn of the liberal conscience they have become semisympathetic characters: "Do they rag you," the leading lady may inquire, "for reading Swinburne in the dorm?"

But the great majority of stage schoolboys, now as in the past, are Wide-Eyed Bouncers. These bounce like the kind of beach ball one longs to throw out to sea. They begin every sentence with "I say!" and their vocabulary of slang has survived unchanged from the era of Jack Harkaway and the horseless carriage. To them the Swot is "a complete smear" who talks "bilge," and they express derision in such terms as: "Three groans for the Beak!" Stool pigeons are said to "split," and no self-respecting Bouncer ever gets through a scene without using "funk it," "shirty" or "lazy slacker." Bouncers never leave a room: they "cut along." One of the finest recent snatches of Bouncer dialogue was contributed by Warren Chetham Strode: "No decent chap mentions soccer at a rugger school"; although it is strongly challenged by someone else's masterly line: "What rot, Sholto! Nobody sacks a man for blubbing!"

Every so often our playwrights try their

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hand at the boy-born-to-be-king theme, in which the hero is a child with an aura of mystery surrounding him. J. M. Barrie's *The Boy David* is a fair example of this sort of thing. David tells Samuel that he has just had an important thought while minding the sheep. Invited to share it, he recites the opening verses of the Twenty-third Psalm. "You must finish that some day," says Samuel sagely. These chosen children, destined in later life to become prophets, poets or inventors of the spinning jenny, are regarded by their families—for the first act, at least—with resentment and hostility. They are the Cinderellas of the household and represent the apotheosis of the Sensitive Type. Suddenly they perform a miracle or write a symphony. Their parents are appalled and beat them; but before long the mighty of the earth, having heard of the wonder, are besieging the little mud hut. The child is uncomfortably dressed in his best, and one of the visitors is sure to remark: "Your son, my good woman, stands in no need of external finery. His power is within." Emlyn Williams' *The Wind of Heaven* has all the earmarks of the breed, which has proved extremely prolific.

The classic, all-around English urchin is still, of course, Peter Pan. Pan is no Swot, but he combines the characteristics of all the other types. He is Wide-Eyed, he is Sensitive, and he is murderous enough at times to be classed as a Juvenile Delinquent. The only adult thing about Barrie's play is its unctuous sentimentality; the rest shows real insight into the cruelty and wantonness of childhood. It also gives a disquieting picture of the nanny-worship and mother-complexes that turn so many English children into interesting psychological wrecks. The "Wendy bird" is first wounded and then deified as Mother; the villain of the piece is Father, who ends up literally in the doghouse.

If someone were to undertake a full Freudian analysis of Pan, I have a feeling that it would teach us a great deal about all English dramatists who write about children. For they share with him one basic quality: a rooted aversion to growing up.

Brief Comments

A NATION REBORN: A Personal Report on the Roles Played by Weizmann, Bevin, and Ben-Gurion in the Story of Israel. By Richard H. S. Crossman. *Atheneum.* $3.50.

Few professional politicians have gained distinction as historians. They usually are handicapped or, in any event, influenced by party loyalties. Not so Richard Crossman, Member of the House of Commons and one of the key figures in the British Labor Party. With remarkable detachment Mr. Crossman reviews and appraises the background and analyzes the personalities who were engaged in the political chess game that eventually ended in the emergence of the state of Israel. When, in 1945, Ernest Bevin selected him as one of the two M.P.'s to represent Britain on the Anglo-American Commission of Enquiry (on Palestine) Mr. Crossman probably was relatively unacquainted with the complexities of the assignment; nor did he realize that he was taking part in a mere time-wasting operation. A man of intellectual integrity, he had regarded the Balfour Declaration (the intent of which was to facilitate the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine) as an honest enunciation of permanent British policy, and he had accepted at face value the pro-Zionist statements the British Labor Party leaders made from His Majesty's Opposition benches in the House of Commons.

Dr. Chaim Weizmann, prophet of the modern Jewish national renaissance, dominates Crossman's personal account of the story of Israel. No historian has succeeded as well as this Christian Englishman in objectively assessing the personality of Weizmann, who cajoled, persuaded and outnegotiated Britain's most astute politicians. Weizmann's imperishable achievement lay in piloting the fragile skiff of Zionism through the storms of power politics until the Jewish community of Palestine was ready to stand on its feet as a sovereign state. Crossman had started out in 1945 as

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an observer. It was the spell of the Weizmann personality that converted this British M.P. into a participant in the birth of a new nation, "the most thrilling and probably the most useful episode of my political life." Although Israel came into being against Britain's will, Crossman sees in present-day Israel "a complete fulfillment of Chaim Weizmann's peaceful aspirations."

JOSEPH BRAININ

THE HUNDRED FLOWERS CAMPAIGN AND THE CHINESE INTELLECTUALS. By Roderick MacFarquhar. *Praeger. $6.75.*

One of the outstanding results of Peking's "rectification campaign" was its unintentional exposure of the nature and extent of Chinese dissatisfaction with the Communist regime. For a brief period in 1957 (roughly April 30 to June 8), Mao Tse-tung invited criticism from the intelligentsia, with the avowed aim of resolving "contradictions" between government and people and "rectifying" such official abuses as "bureaucratism, subjectivism, and sectarianism." Ironically, the response to this invitation was a scathing indictment of the Party dictatorship, culminating in student riots. The policy of liberalization—"let a hundred flowers bloom, let a hundred schools contend"—was abruptly dropped, and the government launched its counterattack with the "anti-rightist campaign."

Mr. MacFarquhar's valuable documentary record of this episode is based largely on Chinese press reports of the criticism "voiced at forums summoned by various bodies such as Communist Party committees, professional organizations, etc." He has wisely organized this material according to the status of the speakers—doctors, scholars, students, civil servants, businessmen, religious groups and national minorities, and the like. The opening sections treat the underlying causes and immediate background of the "rectification campaign," while the final chapter is devoted to the anti-rightist reaction. G. F. Hudson's Epilogue ("China and the Communist 'Thaw' ") discusses the Hundred Flowers episode in terms of the larger pattern of liberalization and rigidity in the Communist world and the lesson of the Hungarian revolution.

JOHN M. STEADMAN

NEITHER WAR NOR PEACE: The Struggle for Power in the Postwar World. By Hugh Seton-Watson. *Praeger. $7.50.*

The first part of this book is a concisely luminous account of the chief political events and trends in Europe, the Middle East, and Asia from 1945 to the death of Stalin in 1953. The last part covers the same areas since 1953 and includes Latin America. The central part, and the major theme, is an account of the revolutions of this century.

The author finds diversity in the fascist revolutions, in the communist revolutions, and in the anti-colonial revolutions of the twentieth century. Unlike the Marxists, Seton-Watson is a pluralist, and he sees no one force or factor that will explain the revolutions of our time. He concedes Crane Brinton's anatomy of revolution to be suggestive, but he finds that most revolutions do not follow the ideological progression of the French Revolution.

However, Professor Seton-Watson does make some relevant generalizations about this century's revolutions. Perhaps the most significant of these are that they have involved the rising expectations of the masses; that they have been led by an intelligentsia; that the nature of particular revolutions has been importantly influenced by the size and character of the intelligentsia—whether it is or is not alienated, foreign oriented, part of a bourgeois ethos. And "déclassés on the way up can be as revolutionary as déclassés on the way down."

The author notes that most twentieth-century revolutions have led not to liberal democratic regimes but to dictatorships, many of them totalitarian. However, he never brings this all-important question into focus. The nearest he comes is in discussing totalitarianism, which he attributes to the persistence in many parts of the world of a single-hierarchy tradition, "the will to total power," and the decay of religion. This is inadequate. To underplay the economic

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and technological forces can be as misleading as to overplay them.

The thesis of a Sino-Soviet Communist conspiracy to subvert the world is accepted by the author, but his own account of variations in communist revolutions, his analysis of the widening rift between Red China and Russia, and his discussion of the forces inside the Soviet Union making for liberalization (admittedly indecisive at the present time) cast some doubt on the reality of this conspiracy and considerable doubt about the possibility of its ultimate success. However, Seton-Watson is no optimist, and he has many shrewd suggestions about how the West, in the continuing power struggle, might better its position with the new underdeveloped nations.

WILLIAM G. CARLETON

GIANT AMONG NATIONS: Problems in United States Foreign Economic Policy. By Peter B. Kenen. With an Introduction by Chester Bowles. *Harcourt, Brace.* $5.00.

Mr. Kenen has reduced a mass of technical details to a readable, precise critique of American foreign economic policy. On almost every topic he offers useful and sometimes novel suggestions. He proposes, for example, that the escape clause of the Trade Agreements Extension Act be rewritten to encourage movement of labor and capital from vulnerable industries to strong ones. On a finding of injury by increased imports, the tariff could be raised temporarily to permit such a reallocation of resources. Alternatively, a finding of injury by increased imports might authorize compensation to the workers and companies involved.

He is justly critical of the Eisenhower Administration's establishment of fuel oil import quotas, which in fact most benefit the bituminous coal industry. He thinks that our farm exports would probably be competitive in world markets without price support and subsidies, and other countries would not be antagonized by them. For stabilizing world trade, Mr. Kenen advances an intriguing scheme of commodity compensation. When market prices fall, consumers could indemnify producers by paying them the difference between current and past prices; when prices rise, producers would compensate consumers.

The author also calls for more public investment in foreign aid, in contrast to the current emphasis on private investment. His criticism of tax concessions to promote private investment abroad appears to be well taken. Regarding underdeveloped countries, he argues in favor of taking absorptive capacity, rather than repayment capacity, as a criterion for extending aid. This country should make "hard" loans, repayable in dollars, to the limit of repayment capacity and, beyond that, give grants to the limits of absorptive capacity.

This is a thought-provoking book, well worth reading even for the professional economist.

OTTO R. REISCHER

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Representative Books Reflecting the Development of American Life and Thought. Prepared under the direction of Roy P. Basler by Donald H. Mugridge and Blanche P. McCrum. *Library of Congress.* $7.00.

From the earliest explorer's itemization of native flora and fauna to James Thurber's most recent insomniac's catalogue, our cultural record is filled with lists that impel the imagination far beyond their immediate subject matter. This *Guide* represents another list that suggests even more than its 1,100 double-columned pages enumerate. Its thirty-two scrupulously organized chapters not only describe the principal materials for the study of our civilization but also demand the contemplation of the scope, variety and essential nature of this culture. The *Guide,* both in thoroughness and imaginativeness, evidences a magnificent response by the Library of Congress to our insistent search for national identity.

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piler and annotator, has worked miracles of condensation. His judgment has been bold and shrewd; his style reflects a wry incisiveness that is not only useful but enjoyably readable. Other noteworthy features include a thorough Index that comprises an unmatchable dictionary of American civilization, an Appendix of 190 titles representing broad rather than special treatments of our culture, and the inclusion of Library of Congress call numbers for each entry.

No work as ambitious as this one can be faultless; but to dwell on shortcomings so grandly overshadowed by achievements would be graceless indeed. The specially trained scholar, for example, may miss some favored works; but he will be more than equivalently rewarded by the number of titles that the professional bibliographer's omniscient logic has shown him in new perspectives. All who are interested in American materials will sing the praises of the *Guide* for years to come. The only danger will be to those who find this five-pound list so magnetically informative that they "can't put it down!"

ROBERT H. WALKER

POLITICAL SATIRE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1763-1783. By Bruce Ingham Granger. *Cornell University Press.* $5.00.

This is an adequate and valuable treatment of the satiric political literature that grew up around the disputes that led to the American Revolution and the nearly continuous satire of the war years. It begins in 1763, as the patriots, at the close of the French and Indian War, began to "feel their oats," and closes in 1783, when the Revolution was practically over, although the definitive treaty that created permanent peace was not actually ratified by Congress until January of the following year. Although none of this satire has any great claim to rank as literature, it adds a great deal to our understanding of the moods that created the war and the moods that the war itself created.

Mr. Granger's book is based on what appears to be sound and thorough research,

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and it is written in good, sound, clear English. The style lacks the touch and finish of the practiced writer but it is rather better than much that issues from university presses. It is a pity that Mr. Granger has not dealt at greater length with the political "poems" of that arch-traitor, Dr. Benjamin Church, who from within the ranks of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress served as General Gage's best spy, and who seems to have tried his hand at political verse on both sides at once. It is possible, however, that these defy accurate identification.

JOHN BAKELESS

THE JEFFERSON IMAGE IN THE AMERICAN MIND. By Merrill D. Peterson. *Oxford University Press. $8.50.*

It is hardly surprising, in an age when the image so often obscures the man, to find a book on *The Jefferson Image in the American Mind.* But Mr. Peterson has done more than we might have expected: by cutting through the arbitrary distinction between image and reality he has presented the myth of Jefferson as a fact of American cultural history. Thus posterity's configuration of Jefferson is revealed as "a sensitive reflector, through several generations, of America's troubled search for the image of itself." And the traditional confusion over what Jefferson represents is regarded as a symptom of uncertainty about what it means to be an American.

The choice of Jefferson is no accident. No other figure has cast such a long and meaningful shadow across the American consciousness; none has been so conspicuously a part of the continuing and usable American heritage. Mr. Peterson shows how people of the most varied persuasions—from Calhounites to liberal Republicans, from "Liberty Leaguers" to "Defenders of State Sovereignty"—have laid claim to Jefferson's mantle. By evaluating their conflicting claims he underscores the universal dimensions of his subject, and demonstrates how absurd is the effort to imprison Jefferson within the walls of any simplistic philosophy or program.

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For what it tells us of both Jefferson and the American mind, Mr. Peterson's book is an important contribution to our historical literature.

KEITH B. BERWICK

LETTERS OF FRANCIS PARKMAN. Edited and with an Introduction by Wilbur R. Jacobs. Two volumes. *University of Oklahoma Press. $12.50.*

Francis Parkman as a historian has stood the test of time better than any of his American contemporaries, but few readers know much about him as a personality. In editing his letters Wilbur R. Jacobs has brought him to life.

This collection is a model of what such books should be. Indeed, Mr. Jacobs has done almost exactly what was suggested, as a utopian goal for editors of letters, in last summer's issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. In an era when many scholars seem afraid to select, Mr. Jacobs is not afraid. From some seven hundred Parkman documents, he has chosen about four hundred "that have literary merit or reveal . . . significant information about his life, his work, or his times."

The Parkman who emerges from these pages is a fascinating mixture of traits. One side of his nature was as properly Bostonian as the late George Apley. Not only did he deplore woman suffrage, he was convinced that manhood suffrage was ruining the country. After the Proclamation of Emancipation he still could describe Lincoln as the "feeble and ungainly mouthpiece" of the North. Yet this Boston crust covered a volcano of energy, a will power that drove his body to the breaking point, and beyond. When the overdriven machinery collapsed, he pulled himself out of the wreckage and worked on despite nervous exhaustion and almost total blindness. But beneath the austere taskmaster was a romantic nature-lover who chose the subject of his histories because of their wilderness setting. Presiding over these interlocking personalities was the stern analyst of evidence who insisted on getting back to original sources no matter how beguiling the romantic story that these sources upset. Thanks to that analyst, Parkman's work still stands firm after almost a century.

DELANCEY FERGUSON

FELIX FRANKFURTER: Scholar on the Bench. By Helen Shirley Thomas. *Johns Hopkins Press. $6.50.*

This book is a study of the positions Justice Frankfurter has taken on fundamental Constitutional, legal, social and political issues: religion and the state; individual justice and the role of the Court; the use of history in the interpretation of the Constitution; *stare decisis* and the Court; "preferred freedoms" within the Constitution; judicial self-restraint versus judicial activism; and the role of the Court in our Federal democracy. Writing apparently for the political and social scientist, the author compares these views of Justice Frankfurter, collected from his many Court opinions and published writings, with those of other leaders of the Court. The book, described by the publisher as the "first extended treatment of Justice Frankfurter's political performance," could be of importance to students of the Supreme Court and of Justice Frankfurter in particular.

Because of the difficulty of the author's undertaking, it would be too much to expect complete success. The contribution of this book would have been enhanced had more attention been directed to criticism and analysis of the Frankfurter positions and less to reporting them. Too often the author accepts a general statement from one of the Justice's opinions without exploring its meaning in the context of the case before the Court and for future cases. The basic premises which underlie the Frankfurter jurisprudence are stated but not critically analyzed. Thus, according to the author, many of the Justice's positions rest on the premise that "it is important to lessen rather than to increase the control that the judiciary exercises." The meaning and ramifications of this premise are not examined. Although a wealth of specific material is well presented on separate issues, the book does not achieve a creative synthesis.

STEPHEN J. POLLAK

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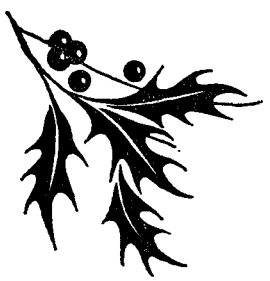

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SOCIAL CONTROL IN A FREE SOCIETY. By Loren C. Eiseley, Carl G. Hempel, Gilbert Seldes, George J. Stigler, and Willard Hurst. Edited, with a Preface, by Robert E. Spiller. *University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.50.*

The Benjamin Franklin Lectures at the University of Pennsylvania have been characterized by topics of a broad and almost nagging contemporary pertinence. Happily, they also have assembled the thoughts of essayists equipped to deal with these questions constructively and even prophetically. This sixth series of lectures is another such symposium.

The problem under consideration, the apparent overshadowing of the individual by the group, reveals itself through attacks from diverse intellectual areas. An economist, George Stigler, teaches us to understand the individual's decline in terms of his exaggerated nineteenth-century importance. A lawyer, Willard Hurst, sees the recognition of group man emerging through courts and Constitution. Carl Hempel, functioning as epistemologist, takes us with beautiful clarity to the core of the dilemma: the source of knowledge, judgment and control. Most arresting is the sweeping, man-centered viewpoint of the anthropologist Loren Eiseley, who sees man fascinated by his own machines, distracted from his more ennobling pursuits, and torn from the grasp of those balancing natural forces that had limited yet protected him. Placed forebodingly at the head of the collection, this essay casts a portentous shadow over all that follows. It leaves us looking upward but wondering whether to expect a ray of humane sunshine or a cloud of malevolent nuclear debris.

Although varied in nature, these essays reveal a degree of unanimity beyond the assumption that technological progress has cost the free individual dearly. They insist that we have been unable to evaluate this cost and unwilling to master the tools—sociological, scientific, humanistic—which could simultaneously promote our discrete yet mutually complementary roles. What price will we pay for the nurture of our fundamental ethical values? These men remind us that until we have understood, measured and chosen we will be unable to construct, above the pit of circumstance and accident, a society worthy of survival.

ROBERT H. WALKER

PHILOSOPHY TODAY: Conflicting Tendencies in Contemporary Thought. By José Ferrater Mora. *Columbia University Press. $4.50.*

Professor Mora's book begins by delineating with considerable skill twenty-four philosophic "isms," starting with idealism, personalism and realism, and ending with neutralism, Marxism and Neo-Scholasticism. Afterward the reader will agree that "philosophic opinion is pulverized," but may well doubt that Mora can hope to find a remedy in the rest of his book. Mora explicitly rejects one solution that would treat philosophy simply as the personal history of philosophers. He implicitly rejects another solution that would dismiss most of these philosophic schools as trivial byroads while concentrating on the significant philosophic issues of our time. Mora's answer is that philosophy must stop trying to find its own special subject matter, for example, metaphysics, and recognize that it is rather a point of view that must unify all human endeavors.

The book describes three such unifying points of view: the Russian view oriented to society, the European oriented to man, and the Anglo-American oriented to science. The author is hopeful that the Anglo-American view is capable of doing justice to the others. This geographic classification is suggestive, but there is no way of dealing with these differences except by getting down to the basic questions of philosophy.

The book then argues, correctly, that philosophy has a special contribution to make to society, religion, art and science by trying to see things together, unifying and universalizing these aspects of the world. But the great philosophers have made their contributions under the influence of their experience in one of these other fields, and in their diverse enthusiasms philosophy ends up with just the pluralistic tendencies the author deplores.

WILLIAM W. HOLLISTER

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EDUCATION FOR PRIVACY. By Marten ten Hoor. *University of Alabama Press. $4.00.*

This book, an expansion of Dean ten Hoor's essay published in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR [Winter, 1953-54], incorporates, in the first and last of six chapters, the author's trenchant protest against contemporary excessive socialmindedness. "Education for privacy" is the kind of education that makes for ordered, self-directed, satisfying personal living.

The essentials of such education are developed in the intervening chapters: a philosophy of life; moral self-education ("a vision of the good life"); control and "healthy enjoyment" of the emotions ("serenity of spirit"); the "practice and appreciation of the fine arts," including literature.

While at times these chapters are a bit suggestive of the popular "peace of mind" writings, the book as a whole is much above that level. Obviously not intended for the sophisticated, the discussions are marked by balance, perspective and a wisdom that evidences both sound scholarship and mature experience.

Regrettably, the fine arts are initially identified with leisure time entertainment, although the extended discussion does not thus unduly limit their significance. It may be regretted also that the author did not make more explicit and insistent the challenge to our professedly liberal arts colleges of a renewed commitment to "education for privacy," best begun, at least, through the guided processes of formal education.

GOODRICH C. WHITE

THE FIRMAMENT OF TIME. By Loren Eiseley. *Atheneum. $3.50.*

Physicists have so radically changed man's conception of the world that it is now as hard for a mathematician to understand why a layman thinks a table is a piece of wood as it is for most of us to grasp that a table is really a mass of atoms.

The anecdote about the distinguished physicist who wore enormous padded boots because he feared "falling through the in-

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terstices of that largely empty molecular space which common men in their folly speak of as the world" makes sense to Loren Eiseley, for he is an explorer who knows the new world of the physicists and seeks to bridge the gap between it and the world most of us know.

In *The Firmament of Time*, a collection of six lectures, Dr. Eiseley examines the changing meaning to man of the adjective "natural." His clear expositions constitute a brilliant history of man's scientific thought about the world in which he lives. Viewed from Dr. Eiseley's perspective, science is seen to have its fashions of thought, which are sometimes as whimsical as the fashions of Paris.

In his preface, Dr. Eiseley modestly underrates his own contribution in inspiring the reader to consider the "mystery of the human emergence." Claiming that his book does not attempt "a full-scale treatment of the evolutionary story," he fails to mention the immense value of his original interpretation of man's intellectual progress or his own evolution from scientist to philosopher.

GORDON CUYLER

THE FOREST AND THE SEA: A Look at the Economy of Nature and the Ecology of Man. By Marston Bates. *Random House.* $3.95.

Marston Bates is a master naturalist. In him the competence of an experienced biologist and the heart of a romantic poet are united.

When he plays the modern role of ecologist, however, he gets into trouble. He follows—or perhaps swallows—the ecologist's formulas too carefully. His semantics becomes burdensome. For example, we finish the chapter on "The Units of Life" not knowing whether the desert is a community (p. 128), a biome (p. 144), or both; nor do we care. But a few pedantic interludes may be forgiven in a book derived from teaching notes.

Mr. Bates's book is remarkable for its diversity of topics. The reader is led from the dark silence of the gothic rain forest, to the baroque coral reef with its dazzling array of fish, to earliest man's adjustment problems, and on to the future of life.

Still more remarkable is the way in which these diverse topics are unified. The fascinating analogy drawn between life in the tropical forest and that in the open sea (whence the title) is a minor sample. Even man, the conquering hero, is seen as a part of the organic whole, continuous with it in time through evolution, in space through the inescapable interdependence of all life.

DAVID WEBB

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON. Issued by the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences. Translated from the Russian by J. B. Sykes. *Pergamon.* $2.50.

In *The Other Side of the Moon* the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences has published several of the remarkable photographs taken by the third Russian space rocket, together with a detailed account of the series of complicated maneuvers that were executed by Lunik III in the course of securing them. The operations are described by which, when the appropriate position had been reached behind the moon, automatic devices stopped the spinning of Lunik III, changed its orientation to place the moon within the field of view of the cameras, took a series of photographs, and developed, fixed, dried and stored the film. Later the images were scanned by a television system and transmitted to Soviet receiving stations by radio.

Although the scientific value of the Lunik III photographs is limited by their poor definition and narrow range of contrast, it is still possible to recognize on them a number of markings resembling the craters and seas that dominate the front face of the moon. The most interesting feature is the Soviet Mountain Range, a chain extending 1,200 miles across the center of the moon's hidden face. The Soviet Mountains resemble the great ranges on the earth; they do not look like the formations characteristic of the mountains on the front face of the moon, all of which seem to be crater walls and semicircular deposits of debris formed by the impact of large meteorites on the lunar surface. The current

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opinion is that terrestrial mountain-building forces have not been present on the moon. The Soviet Mountains may be a spurious product of distortions in the Lunik III photographs, or perhaps they result from the running together of several obscured but independent markings; but we will have to revise our theories of lunar structure if they continue to appear as a single range in later and more accurate pictures.

There has been some speculation that Lunik III photographs are fraudulent. In my opinion, it is extremely unlikely that the U.S.S.R. would risk all the gains of its space flight program on that gambit, when it must have every expectation that within a few years the United States would expose the fraud by securing its own photographs of the moon's hidden face.

ROBERT JASTROW

THE EDGE OF OBJECTIVITY: An Essay in the History of Scientific Ideas. By Charles Coulston Gillispie. *Princeton University Press.* *$7.50.*

This book is a distinctive contribution to the literature of the history of science. It is a competent and imaginative treatment of the classical epoch in Western science, beginning with Copernicus and Galileo and ending with Faraday and Maxwell, with an epilogue that comes down to Einstein. It is a fine piece of work written in a style of considerable distinction and readability. It is well balanced, urbane and humanistically oriented as well as manifesting real insight and understanding of the growth and development of scientific ideas.

The achievement of classical science was the perfecting of an attitude and orientation toward nature that made possible its objective description. This book is an attempt to understand how the essential ideas and achievements for such a description arose and developed. The intellectual barriers and misplaced convictions that those who contributed to this development had to overcome or transcend are brilliantly recognized and described. Throughout the book, the mental struggles that accompanied the great break-throughs of the last three centuries are considered in relation to the total social and religious background against which they took place.

One has the impression after reading this book that the main theme has been physics, with the other sciences coming in as auxiliary and, to some extent, isolated developments. At the same time, such figures as Vesalius, Harvey, Lavoisier, Darwin and Mendel stand out. A fuller treatment of all aspects would perhaps have added unduly to the length of the book and would have somewhat lessened the over-all understanding and insight into a remarkable period of human intellectual history that now reward the reader.

WILLIAM G. POLLARD

THE MUTE STONES SPEAK: The Story of Archaeology in Italy. By Paul MacKendrick. *St. Martin's.* *$7.50.*

Mr. MacKendrick here presents a series of lectures on Italian archaeology, thus bringing together much hitherto scattered material and arranging it in orderly fashion. Topics included are a brief sketch of prehistoric Italy, a chapter on the Etruscans, and various aspects of Roman Italy, ending with the excavations under St. Peter's. Even those who know ancient Italy well will find here much that is new, or newly interpreted. Appended is a useful, up-to-date bibliography.

To encompass such a prodigious cycle of history requires careful appraisal of what is to be omitted as well as what is to be retained; this has been accomplished extraordinarily well. It also requires a swift pace, here often broken by the interweaving of much extraneous material into the tight web of the argument. Also, the book is intended to give a popular presentation; to this end fanciful chapter headings appear, and the style is sometimes rather racy. Yet to what segment of our reading public it is addressed is often unclear. The more studious readers certainly will hope that the author will next acquaint us more intimately with many of the subjects to which we are hastily introduced.

A large number of drawings and photographs have been admirably selected as

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illustrations, but the foggy reproductions and the hodge-podge assemblage in textbook style will convert few to an admiration of Roman art.

JOHN H. YOUNG

PRINTING IN LONDON: From 1476 to Modern Times; Competitive Practice and Technical Invention in the Trade of Book and Bible Printing, Periodical Printing, Jobbing, &c. By P. M. Handover. *Harvard University Press. $4.75.*

The history of printing is inextricably part of social history, and this generously illustrated book has interest and significance that transcend the scope of its title. London was the birthplace of English printing and remained almost exclusively its home for two hundred years. Many great words—those of the King James Bible, Shakespeare, Milton—were printed there, but in a century that was the Dark Age of English printing. Restrictions imposed by the Crown were accepted and even extended by printer members of the Stationers' Company that they might line their pockets. There was small incentive to change technical practices.

With the Industrial Revolution more people learned to read, and Napoleon's wars fanned interest in news at just the time that steam power could be harnessed in the pressroom. Production jumped eightfold in a few years, periodical circulations grew from a thin four to a fat five figures, advertising revenues increased in like proportions, and publishers became free to shake off partisan subsidies.

But the development of new machinery and techniques did not bring prosperity to London book printers. The need for heavier investment brought about migration to areas offering cheaper labor and lower overhead. Hitler's fire raids extended this decentralization to most English periodicals.

London remains a center for printing national dailies and some types of jobbing, but Miss Handover sees no present economic reason why printing, any more than soap, should be "manufactured" there. She deplores the dilution of creativity and craft that results from the loss of close con-

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tact between workman, designer and customer. The past has its lessons of weakened vitality through monopoly and managerial greed, and the present indicates the toll that may be exacted by labor's unwillingness to recognize that sound production at lower prices usually means more work at higher wages. These warnings are as pertinent on this side of the Atlantic as in England, and Miss Handover's survey deserves wide and thoughtful reading.

WILLIS TOMPKINS

THE NOVEL AND THE MODERN WORLD. By David Daiches. *University of Chicago Press. $5.00.*

This is an extensively revised edition of Mr. Daiches' 1939 book of the same title. The changes enrich it, but the purpose remains the same. It examines four major novelists of the first three decades of this century. Mr. Daiches holds that these exemplify the enormous transition in techniques, approaches and philosophy between the nineteenth- and twentieth-century novel.

He is refreshingly candid about his own changes in twenty-one years. He has modified many generalizations. "Looking back now at what I wrote in my middle twenties, I am struck by the confidence with which I pronounced largely on such matters as the nature of civilization and the way in which culture develops."

Mr. Daiches has concentrated his subjects. Galsworthy, Katherine Mansfield and Aldous Huxley have been dropped. D. H. Lawrence, with whom he "could not quite come to terms" before, has been added and allotted two chapters. The other three writers are Conrad, Joyce and Virginia Woolf.

The first chapters discuss his thesis that the industrial revolution broke down the common view about "what is significant in experience and therefore about what the novelist ought to select." This, together with "the new view of time, and the new view of the nature of consciousness" are what have produced "those great novelists . . . who in their new insights and technical experiments permanently enlarged the bounds of fiction." It is a valuable book for all concerned with this art in our time.

EDMUND FULLER

COLETTE. By Elaine Marks. *Rutgers University Press. $5.00.*

"The duty of affirming an opinion spoils a great number of our joys," says Colette in her preface to *La Jumelle Noire.* Miss Marks quotes her bravely, does not learn the lesson, and goes on to write a very interesting book.

This new study of Colette is thorough, balanced and on occasion subtle. It is certainly a very excellent place to begin looking closely at Colette. The biography and the textual criticism are full of critic's virtues: Miss Marks manages not to identify herself with her subject; she remembers not to desiccate the juices—she gives you a flavor of garlic and bed linen, wet cat and ploughed soil, careful marketing and cafés in winter. If she knows how to draw a skein from one book to another to give a deeper picture of Colette, she hesitates to impose an insight on what she has noticed. The book suffers from an ability to do thesis gymnastics properly, while it profits from academic coolness and conciseness.

Most women, when they read Colette, have a feeling of being outdistanced. In reading Virginia Woolf, they may feel deepened by virtue of superior art; but with Colette, they are apt to feel that her extraordinary deep-heartedness encompasses more facets of love and men and women and womanliness than most women can comfortably endure. Reading Miss Marks, there comes a feeling that in dealing with books so chock-filled with love, the critic does better not to be quite so academically well-brought-up. It would be better, perhaps, to meditate on the import of Lesbian eccentricity in the character of a woman as deeply sensual as Colette than to dismiss it in embarassment. Better, perhaps, not to be quite so politely tactful as Miss Marks.

But Colette, "speaking of pleasure sadly," is shown richly and with a fine balance between admiration and literary analysis in these pages.

CORNELIA SCHAEFFER

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The Reader Replies . . . . . .

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D. C. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

In his article, "Freud and the Tragic Virtues," [AS: Autumn, 1960] Mr. Kaufmann makes the statement ". . . it is less well understood that Calvin's ethos dealt tragedy a much more lasting blow by preaching success and lack of sympathy for failure." This statement rather surprised me and I should like it very much if Mr. Kaufmann could elaborate on it, with particular reference to the Calvinistic doctrines that he considers to be bases for this statement.

MARTEN TEN HOOR
Dean Emeritus, College of Arts and Sciences
University of Alabama

* * *

The first half of the sentence cited by Dean ten Hoor reads: "It is well known that the Puritans closed the British theaters. . . ." What I had in mind in the second half of the sentence is, first, the point made repeatedly by R. H. Tawney in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism:* "He [the Puritan] sees in the poverty of those who fall by the way, not a misfortune to be pitied and relieved, but a moral failing to be condemned, and in riches . . . the blessing which rewards the triumph of energy and will" (Mentor Books, p. 191). Later, Tawney discusses "the suggestion of Puritan moralists, that practical success is at once the sign and the reward of ethical superiority" (p. 221). H. R. Niebuhr gives a similar picture in *The Social Sources of Denominationalism* (Living Age Books, p. 87).

For all that, it might have been injudicious of me to speak of "Calvin's ethos." But it was not only the Puritan ethos that dealt tragedy a lasting blow; I doubt that there can be any Christian tragedy. I have given some of my reasons in my *Critique of Religion and Philosophy,* section 77 (which was cited in a footnote to my essay), in the first three chapters of my *From Shakespeare to Existentialism,* and in *Goethe's Faust: a New Translation, With an Introduction,* sections 3 and 4 (to be published by Doubleday this winter). From *Critique,* I cite part of one sentence, which contains three of the crucial words in Dean ten Hoor's quotation: "The conception of heaven and the lack of sympathy for the damned militate against tragedy" (Harper & Brothers, p. 244). This consideration applies to Christianity generally, but pre-eminently to "Calvin's ethos," seeing that he laid such unusual emphasis on the relevant doctrines; for example, but by no means only, in his *Institutes of the Christian Religion,* III. XXIV.17, from which I quote: "The reprobate are hated by God, and that most justly, because, being destitute of his Spirit, they can do nothing but what is deserving of his curse."

WALTER KAUFMANN
Princeton University

* * *

Despite Phyllis McGinley's poem about Pandora in the Autumn issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, in which she bemoans that Pandora let Hope get out of the box, my *Webster's Unabridged* says: "Zeus gave Pandora a box enclosing all human ills, which escaped over the earth when the box was opened by her out of curiosity. Hope, also in the box, was all she prevented from escaping."

Never mind, Miss McGinley. Shaw said

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that one shouldn't have hope anyway—only realities. Things aren't so bad as you imagine. There are a lot of realities around.

ADELE GREEFF
New York, New York

* * *

In Louis Simpson's review of *39 Poems* by John Ciardi [AS: Summer, 1960], Mr. Simpson quotes: "O angels and attendants past the world, / what shall the sleeps of heaven dream but time?" Having quoted, he remarks, "This is the conclusion of a poem, and it means nothing."

Let John Ciardi defend himself, Page 77, *39 Poems:*

It is a plain thing. Plain enough for saying.
A white elk, for that matter, once you come on it,
is as visible as a jackass: there it is.

The trick is to happen next to it and
to be ready for what happens. I've known men
to see that elk and think it was a ground fog.

It is a plain thing, then, but one must have eyes.

BEATRICE FRACKELTON
Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

* * *

In his article "Social and Psychoanalytical Reflections on the Father" [AS: Summer, 1960], Norman Kelman published statements on what he believes to be basic sex differences. He did this not by presenting testable hypotheses and objective facts, but by way of conjecture, questionable premises, and unverifiable assumptions. The opposite viewpoint—the objectively verifiable viewpoint—to Dr. Kelman's should have a hearing.

Essentially, Kelman is claiming two things: first, that men stand as intermediaries between God and the rest of humanity and are peculiarly competent to be arbiters and promulgators of justice; and, second, that men are the creators. He rejects both the contention that a patriarchal culture determined the nature of our god-concept in the first place, and the observation that women have not achieved as men have because of lack of opportunity. It is difficult to speak temperately in the face of such a cavalier dismissal of the facts. The accepted anthropological viewpoint is that any given religion is a fear-reducing phenomenon, serving to "explain" a world which, unexplained, might be too terrifying to live in. The religious belief of any people is apt to reflect that people's kinship-system and the power and status relationships of their everyday life. Hence the ancient Hebrews, a hyperpaternalistic people, evolved a god like Jehovah—old, jealous, wrathful, patriarchal in his turn, and prone to take vengeance against erring human beings. The people of a matriarchal society might have evolved a quite different god-concept and defined the roles of the sexes differently. The Navaho Indians, for example, have been characterized as matriarchal; their chief deity is female. Man created God—or gods. But in this day of rational, scientific explanation, whoever claims to know Deity in any way is being arrantly presumptuous.

The above theory is based on observations of many societies all over the world. The few facts Dr. Kelman offers in support of his theory come from his professional experience. Far from proving his theory, the cases he cites only reveal how inadequate fathers are apt to be. Ability to deal justly and arbitrate fairly is a matter of training, not sex. And attitudes toward fathers are cultural, not innate.

As for the matter of men, rather than women, being the creators—there has been lack of opportunity for the woman; but social bias and feelings of timidity and inferiority engendered in her because of traditional attitudes toward her have also played their part. Careful testing indicates that the capacities of men and women are about equal; but we may not get the fully emancipated woman for perhaps another fifty to a hundred years.

We all have a right to a private philosophy; but private philosophy should not masquerade as scientific fact. Dr. Kelman's sincerity cannot be questioned; but the undisciplined, illogical, and evocative quality of his paper shows that he was a victim of his own unsorted emotions and had not thought his problem through.

ELIZABETH C. FUNK
Berkeley, California

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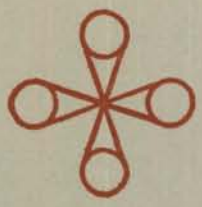

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